TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 13 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 169

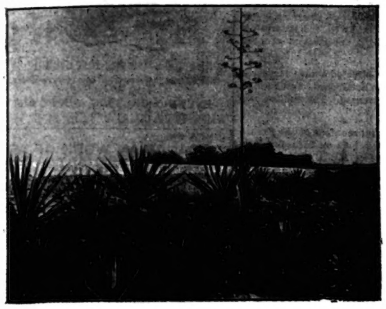
The Discovery of Summer---No. 6.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 8, '91.

Queer isn't it, that my infrequent mail relating to convey to me the newspapers and letters which might inform me with regard to public affairs and my private business, brings to me with the greatest promptness a letter from a gentleman whose name is strange to me, inquiring as to whether I have been disappointed with Mexico and asking me, with a postage stamp for a reply, if the climate is really frigid. I am not disappointed; I am delighted. You will notice that I label this letter The Discovery of Summer. My friend who has made inquiry has evidently forgotten that I have been traveling and that the last five letters were written while climbing the peak of Mexico as it were, ascending sometimes ten thousand feet above the sea, and experiencing those brilliantly beautiful days and really cold nights, which, in such an altitude, it is impossible, even if it is desirable, to escape. After sampling the City of Mexico an event which, as it happened, did not occur amidst the most beautiful climatic surroundings, I utilized what is the greatest charm of this republic, the possibility of selecting any climate one desires, in any season, by choosing the proper altitude. The Mexican Railway connects the City of Mexico and of Vera Cruz—some two hundred and sixty miles distant on the Gulf of Mexico. It is an English road built under the most extraordinary circumstances. In the Sixties Liberalism had not advanced as far as now. The concession granted the Mexican company demanded that the road should be started from the City of Mexico and built towards the coast. Oceans of mountains had to be crossed, but that made no difference to the Mexican legislator, who granted the privilege of building a railroad to the English company. More than a hundred miles had to be built from the City of Mexico before the coast connection could be made, all the rails had to be conveyed by wagons over mountain, plain and river, and the construction was enormously expensive. Traveling over this line and paying the exorbitant fares charged, one is apt to complain unless the original circumstances are borne in mind. Imagine the absurdity of demanding that a road between an interior city and the sea should be begun hundreds of miles from the coast! Yet the original company had one of the most valuable charters ever conveyed to any corporation. They controlled the whole franchise of Mexico. Like the majority of companies they did not realize its value. They had a concession to build lines anywhere in the republic, but they imagined that no one would build railroads but themselves, and failed to take advantage of their concession and money grants. Other roads began, prospered, others still were surveyed, concession granted, they are all being built. Now Mexico is a network of railways which have brought fortunes to thousands, and every dollar could have been realized by the Mexican railway company if they had properly recognized the privilege which had been granted to them.

* * *

In Mexico there are three kinds of hacks designated by flags red, white and yellow. We were fortunate enough to engage the various colors in an altercation, and four of us were conveyed from Hotel Jardin to the depot for half a dollar. It was almost impossible for us to find room on the box, top and interior for our baggage, but we did it amidst some discomforts. At the railway I engaged in an altercation with the clerk regarding the fare. For $16.65 each, we obtained an excursion ticket to Orizaba, which included the city of Puebla on a branch line. The cars are very old-fashioned, yet not uncomfortable. We passed the church of Guadaloupe, the holiest shrine in the land, and a great center for Mexican pilgrims, the portion of the original Lake Texcoco not yet filled in, and amidst a vast volume of dust were carried into the plains of Apam, where the maguey cactus covered the plains for mile after mile, and impressed us with the importance of the business which undertakes to supply to the Mexican his pulque, mescal and tequila. So great is the demand for pulque that special trains leave the plantations early in the morning and arrive in the City of Mexico in the afternoon where this odd sort of beer is distributed by carriers and sold in pulquarias. For the manufacture of mescal and tequila the great heart of the plant is roasted, chopped up and distilled, the product when well made being similar to Scotch whisky though not unlike gin. If much of it is drank it affects the spine and the drinker all at once discovers that his legs are no good and he sinks in a useless mass on the sidewalk. I did not experiment to this extent but the tequila and mescal, like gin and rum, are very insidious liquors.



CACTUS PLANTS, SHOWING OLD ONE WITH TALL STALK.

* * *

One wearies of the vast acreage of maguey as the train amidst the unfailing cloud of dust shoots eastward; everywhere in every compartment the choking, blinding dust makes travelling a misery. Even at San Juan where one passes the old pyramids of Mexico, life has ceased to be a pleasure and as the Mountain of the Sun and the Mountain of the Moon loom up commemorative of the labor of a nation that has long since passed away, monuments of kings and dynasties now forgotten, the inclination to go on instead of to stop and investigate these mausoleums is almost irresistible. Pyramidical in form, separated by but a few hundred yards, connected by subterranean causeways, those two strange pyramids rise in the plain and amidst the dust and hurry are but spectres of the past. They were built at the cost of hundreds of years of labor and are second only to the pyramids of Egypt. Layers of earth and stone and mortar are covered by a carpet of grass and the surroundings, which run like streets in unexcavated regularity, declare not only the religious beliefs of the past, but discover to us the entombment of the dignitaries of long ago; and the gods and the ornaments which were used to decorate the homes and graves of these peoples may be found everywhere adjacent to the pyramids, yet no one cares except to pick up a few curios with which to prove to their friends that they have traveled, and the chiefs and kings who had the pyramids built are as entirely forgotten as if they had run a dairy or spent their time in editing a newspaper. The pyramid dedicated to the Sun is two hundred and ten feet high, the other a hundred and fifty feet. The excavation of the Pyramid of the Moon indicates that it was built by a people which inhabited Mexico prior to the Toltecs, and as one passes this interesting spot a conviction is forced on the traveler that they were killed by dust as there is nothing dustier on God's earth than a trip through this plain, and unless one passes over the ground after a rain, breathing is almost impossible.

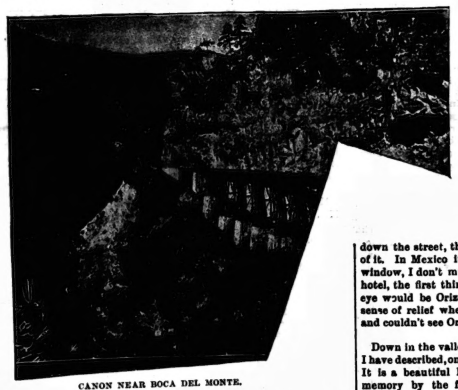
A BUSY STREET.

* * *

In a bee line no one seems to know what distance it is from Mexico City to Vera Cruz, though it must be very much less than two hundred and sixty miles. At the City of Mexico this railway is seven thousand three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, at Vera Cruz its gulf terminus, it has descended this distance and much more, for at one place it is nearly nine thousand feet above the sea. I give an illustration of a piece of the road at Boca del Monte (mouth of the mountain), between which place and Maltrata—less than twenty miles—a descent of nearly six thousand feet is made amidst wonderfully beauteous scenery. Up to this point, as I have said, we had a hundred and fifty miles of rather uninteresting scenery though Lake Texcoco—or at least what is left of it—perhaps deserves more mention than I have given it. It is still a great expanse of shallow water, where the sportsman may kill as many ducks as he pleases, though it is so near a large city. A canal has been partly dug, leading to the tunnel through the mountains, which is to drain the lake. It is a gigantic work and is making very slow progress.

* * *

The illustration I give of the maguey cactus depicts it when the center shoot is allowed to mature. At budding time it sends up a shoot about twenty feet high covered with buds, each of which will produce if planted, a cactus plant, and this rod contains possibly a thousand of these blossoms. When this center piece is about to grow the embryo stalk is cut out and a basin excavated in the heart of the plant and the sap which would go to nourish the stalk, collects in this. This is pulque, and it is taken out each day by the peons with a long-handled gourd having a small hole in each end. One end is thrust into the little trough and the Indian puts his mouth to the other and sucks it out as it were, though it does not really go into the Indian's mouth, it being withdrawn on the principle of the syphon, and is emptied into hog skins and conveyed to a big earthen vat where after a process of fermentation is becomes the pulque of commerce and must be marketed while fresh. At the station in this district, as well as in many others, this liquor is offered to you in big earthenware mugs. A pint of it can be bought for three cents. It has a sort of yeasty taste, is intoxicating, after a small-beer fashion, but I only sampled it once and then I didn't love it. The pulque, mescal and tequila business is one of the chief industries of Mexico, almost next in importance to gambling and lotteries and one is about as profitable as the others to the people who are at the retail end of it.



CANON NEAR BOCA DEL MONTE.

* * *

At Esperanza the train stops for dinner, and one comes as near getting a decent meal there as at any railroad station in Mexico. As a rule the refreshments at railway stations are very unsatisfactory. The Mexican Railway, being an English road, provides the best. The Mexican National Railway comes next. On the Mexican Central the eatables are about as vile as can be provided, and while I am speaking of the comparative merits of the railways, I would suggest to the traveler who wants to see scenery and does not want to be starved to death, to keep away from the Mexican Central. It is between eight and nine hundred miles further by that route from St. Louis to the City of Mexico, and there is nothing on earth to compensate one for the greater distance traveled.

* * *

After leaving Esperanza one begins to feel the train sliding down hill. If it happens to be a cloudy day on looking out of the window one experiences the sense of riding on vast oceans of mist. Nothing can be seen ten feet from the car window. But if it be a bright day one may look down almost a mile in some parts and see the railway winding in and out around and through the mountains, and if you be athletic you can jump from the coach at Boca del Monte and run down a path faintly discernible on the mountain side and at the little village of Maltrata below, enter the car, half an hour later after a descent of five thousand feet. The view from the train, as the mountain side is descended, is surpassingly beautiful. The valley looks like a vast checker board, every color of green, brown and yellow marking the various stages of vegetation from seed time to harvest. Popocatapetl and Orizaba, the two highest mountain peaks in Mexico, have been in sight all day. The snow-capped Orizaba is about eighteen thousand feet above the sea, though really it does not look to the inexperienced eye much higher than the mountain at Hamilton, the air being so clear and the magnificence of the mountain's size being something that cannot be appreciated. I never got so tired of anything as I did of the peak of Orizaba. The railway is so crooked and this peak being always in sight, one looking out of the railway window on the right hand side would see Orizaba, and then being curious as to what the scenery looked like on the other side, on crossing over would be confronted with Orizaba again. Go out on the rear platform and there was Orizaba right behind you! Ride with the engineer and there was Orizaba right in front, and for hundreds of miles this same phenomenon was always observable. No matter what scenery you saw there was Orizaba right in the middle of it. Sail from Vera Cruz and long after everything else but water had been lost sight of, Orizaba would loom up. Go to Puebla, the second city of Mexico and look down the street, there was Orizaba at the end of it. In Mexico itself look out of the hotel window, I don't much care which side of the hotel, the first thing which would strike your eye would be Orizaba. I really experienced a sense of relief when I got out of the republic and couldn't see Orizaba any more.

IN THE COFFEE FIELD.

* * *

Down in the valley after passing the scenery I have described, one arrives at the city Orizaba. It is a beautiful little city sanctified in my memory by the fact that it had a decent hotel in it kept by a German named Flohr, whose English wife was a good housekeeper and an excellent cook. If one were to complain of anything it would be the painful cleanliness of the hotel. The floors were so white that one had a continual sense of the impropriety of walking on them. It was an exceedingly great pleasure to sleep in the beds, everything was so daintily draped, so exquisitely clean. One could not fail to appreciate the cleanliness of this hotel anywhere, but after an experience of some Mexican hotels at which we had previously stopped, Hotel de la Borda was a godsend. It was the first city we visited in the Tierra Calients, the hot lands. The town is most romantically situated at the foot of the mountains, and if there is anything in Switzerland to compare with it, Switzerland is ahead of what I think it is. A beautiful mountain river runs through the city under a picturesque bridge and separates Hotel de la Borda from a great big mill, the creaking wheel of which blended with the music of the water was a rare lullaby, a sleepy-sleepy song very pleasant to the ear of the weary traveler who lies amidst the pretty trimmings in one of Herr Flohr's beds. Looking out of the dining-room window, in the rear of the hotel, one sees a hundred feet below, a pool of water churned by the wheel of the mill, as it sweeps around a curve and flows through the lower part of the city. Along its banks bare-legged and bare-armed women are always washing clothes which, when clean, disappear mysteriously, for no Mexican ever seems to have them on. Looking out of one's bedroom window across the bridge groves of banana and orange trees bend over the river, the white-washed houses gleam through the bright green of coffee, while the omnipresent Orizaba with its cap of snow causes the eye to hunger for something which is not too big to be seen. There is a minor mountain over the peak of which Orizaba looks. On its top is a cross marking a battle-field on which the Mexicans won a victory over the French. On the side of this mountain is another cross marking another battle-field, and a long grayish line winding about its cliffs indicates what was once a wagon road.

NATIVE RESIDENCE IN THE HOT COUNTRY.

* * *

The tourist who lingers at Orizaba can go out and find fields of sugar cane, coffee plantations, woolen mills and the quaintest and most curious villages. In its streets you will find tons of coffee drying on coarse sacking and the sewerage running in open ditches. You can buy cigars for two dollars and a half a hundred, made of the exquisite tobacco of San Andres de Tuxtla, which cannot be procured in Canada for twenty-five cents apiece. There one finds a climate in January and February such as we have in June. But I wanted to get thawed out and we went down on to Cordoba, and there we did strike the hot lands in earnest. The flat roofs disappear from the poorer houses and the peaked thatch shown in the accompanying illustrations became everywhere observable. We stayed at the Hotel Diligencia. It had been a stopping place in the old staging days, before the railroad was built, and Mrs. Don most seriously objected to the provisions made for the entertainment of travelers. It was a queer old place, and we had the honor of being put to sleep in the parlor on the ground floor, with the archway leading to the patio on one side and the street in front. Two narrow beds, with muslin draperies, occupied two corners of the room. Fourteen bent-wood chairs were ranged around the wall. A wash stand, two sofas, two tables, four rocking-chairs and eight spitoons made up the balance of the furniture. One door led into the apartments of the landlady, the other into the archway. Neither of them could be locked. The window looking on to the street had shutters three inches thick, and a key to lock them which was as heavy as an old-fashioned poker. Mrs. Don found out that the window would lock all right, but she was very much discouraged when she discovered that the doors might just as well be open as shut for all the protection it would afford her from robbers and the dreadful looking people, each one of whom suggested a mid-

night assassin. Somehow people have got an idea that Mexicans are all dishonest and take a pleasure in spilling the blood of innocent people from Canada and elsewhere. Nothing is further from the fact. They are quite as honest as we are if a door is closed against them. Such a thing as burglary is almost unknown in the republic though petty pilfering is not uncommon. We left our stuff lying around in Mexican hotels as we wouldn't think of doing in a Canadian or United States village and we never lost a cent's worth. Mrs. Don insisted on the two beds being put side by side. She slept in the inner one torn by terrible fears because the doors weren't locked. Yet nobody stole us. We had a disagreeable experience however. The heavy beam which support the roof were covered on the lower side with canvas, papered and decorated. The rats found the cavity between the canvas and the ceiling an excellent race track and the winter meeting was on that night. Judging by the sounds we heard some ten or fifteen thousand rats were deciding the championship of the republic. Lying in the bed below we could hear them scoreing and could imagine the ringing of the bell and hear the crowding and hurrying when they came back and began the race over again. Then all at once the whole outfit would break away, rush across the canvas, squealing and jumping in the wildest confusion. Then back they would come making excellent time on the home-stretch and creating a noise that would almost wake the dead. We had to light the candle to stop the races and give ourselves a chance to sleep. Next night we slept in a room without any decorated ceiling and the "rattas," as the landlady called them, bothered us no more.

* * *

About Cordoba are some of the most lovely gardens which ever filled with delight the human eye, palms, oranges, coffee bushes, bananas, flowering shrubs, trees whose every branch sustains an orchid, rare, flowering parasite, rose bushes as high as a room and covered with odorous blossoms, flowers whose name I never learned, buds the nature of which no one could explain, filled with beauty and odor air which is as bright and pure as the breath of a spring morning. Valleys and mountains, coffee plantations, fields of sugar cane, pretty streams and the dark-eyed and picturesque people are features in a picture which no one can forget who has ever loitered about the streets of Cordoba or the rich lands which surround it. DON.

Around Town.

I know of no greater pleasure that I ever experienced than getting back to Toronto a couple of days ago with the delightful sensation of having lost "Old Si" on the road between here and Mexico. No matter how bright the skies are and careless of summer breezes in winter-time, the sensation of being at home is the most delightful there is. Politics, however, are so absorbing public attention that it is not worth while for me to pretend to write about anything else, nor can any essay on politics be of great value when coming from one who has so little knowledge of the condition of the country. Yet sometimes one fresh from afar is more impressionable than those who have been surrounded by strongly prejudiced people, and I have had rather exceptional opportunities for acquiring information, having been at a Grand Lodge meeting of the Sons of Canada at Peterborough, where I met some hundred and fifty delegates from all over Canada. It is astonishing to find so many complaints made by Conservatives that the voters' list is not favorable to the government. The Reformers have evidently been expecting an election to be sprung upon them and have made greater preparation than the Conservatives. While in this election I am most emphatically opposed to the anti-Canadian policy of the Reform party, I have no sympathy with the voters' lists complaints made by the Conservatives. The Franchise Act was an iniquity at its birth, and it has not improved since. The protests of fair-minded men have been unheard or the act would have been abolished. If the Conservative party suffers for its own sins they should make no wry faces over it. Another thing which is apparent to everyone that observant at election times is the unusual number of changes in party affiliation. Reformers in urban districts are numerously declaring themselves as opposed to the annexationist policy of their leaders, and it cannot be denied that Conservative farmers are being impressed by the proclamation of better times and higher prices for their produce likely to result in Unrestricted Reciprocity. I have no belief in the realization of this hope, nor can deny that Sir John's assertion that there is any chance of obtaining partial reciprocity is anything but a fraud. I have conversed with a great many American business men and producers, and Unrestricted Reciprocity has no chance in the United States while Blaine is directing the affairs of the country. Indeed, Texas, which as I stated before is a producing state in which city and manufacturing interests are unimportant, scoffs at the idea. As in every other election there is much that is fraudulent put forward by both parties. I have no sympathy with this sort of thing. Were I to state the case I should admit that if the Liberals obtain power unlimited, reciprocity will be the result. The Liberals are clamoring for it and the United States is willing to grant it. This very willingness of our neighbors to make this bargain should make us suspicious of its meaning. Brazil is being lauded at by the American papers for having made a similar deal to that which our Yankee neighbors are willing to make with us. The most difficult matter for the Liberals to prove will be that their fad—Unrestricted Reciprocity—would be of advantage to Canada. If the Conservatives force them to the production of evidence in this regard, every Liberal stumper will be employed in a task which is impossible of accomplishment. Mr. Blaine is staking his entire hope of occupying the Presidential chair next year on the Reciprocity issue. By what he has already accomplished, by his general policy, by what he has already accomplished with regard to the Southern republics, he has popularized himself even in Democratic states. The political tragedy of the McKinley Bill and its result in the United States has forced his party to unite with him in retrieving their losses and correcting their mistakes. Mr. Blaine is a power in the United States. The protection lists look to him to save them from free trade, to protect them from the farmers whose Alliance has been a powerful factor and will be decisive in the coming Presidential election. It is easy for Secretary Blaine to raise a million dollars, or five millions if it be necessary, as a campaign fund for the Liberal party of Canada in order to further his designs. If the Liberal party has not received or is not about to receive this money, its leaders don't know their business. Their policy is treasonable, and it was not adopted without hope of profit. If they are willing to accept the United States as their political wet-nurse they will not refuse to accept the financial assistance of those who will profit by their victory, should a victory be obtained. That Sir Richard Cartwright and his lieutenants have displayed themselves in those American districts which have most to gain by a Republican victory is a significant indication; that they have been asked to pledge their faith to those who are apt to subscribe; that these pledges have been given, that the subscriptions are forthcoming, I have no doubt. That the farmer is discontented, that money comes to him in such a small way and after such great labor, makes me fear that he will be open to the persuasion of those who are endeavoring to convince him that disloyalty is profitable. In talking of disloyalty I do not like the use of the word. It has been abused. So much has been said about loyalty, and it has been the trademark of so many unprincipled men that it has lost much of its power, but any man is disloyal to himself and his country who, for a temporary advantage, will forget the history and struggles of a nation and abandon the future greatness in which by adherence to principle, he is sure to share. Such a man is not only disloyal but he is foolish.

* * *

Sentiment is not dead in our politics. It will show itself in the result. My only fear is that the Conservatives, not having been entirely free from the prostitution of the sentiments now in dispute and which wear the most beautiful names may be suspected in this election, and that those who could otherwise be induced to follow the most noble and purest impulses, may feel that the appeals to their finer nature are but other attempts to mislead them, and when they are doubtful of the *bona fides* of both the parties appealing to them that they may feel that it will be wisdom for them to choose that which seems to have most material benefits on its side. That the benefits will appear to the farmer to be a part of the policy of the Opposition is very likely, that Mercier in Quebec will, by means of that flagrant prostitution of his trust for which he has been so notorious, be likely to change the majority in that province is so pointedly a result of the practical politics in the shame of which both parties are equally guilty; that the Maritime Provinces, discouraged by the depressions of the past may accept any change as preferable to the present government is not improbable, therefore the issue should impress everyone with its uncertainty and result in such loyal labor for Canada that ignorance and self-seeking shall not obtain a victory over patriotism and what is best for the Dominion. I indulge in no contrasting of motives. We have nothing to do with the motives of the present government. That their policy has been sufficiently patriotic to bring prosperity which did not heretofore exist, is sufficient. That they have been absolutely pure or without blame nobody will seek to say, except they are engaged in talking buncombe to a gullible audience. But what evils we have are less than the evils with which we are threatened, and it should make us fight that they be not made worse. Unrestricted Reciprocity is the half-brother of Annexation. It will not bring anything but evil to Canada. It will tend to destroy our future and make us ashamed of our past, for everything in history of which we have been proud will become a reproach to us if this be the result of the struggles of our fathers and the hopes of those who have been taught to love the land they live in. DON.

Social and Personal.

Friday night of last week saw a brilliant gathering at the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms. The unpaid pleasure of music and dance had attracted over four hundred. The seating capacity failed to accommodate those present, and there were perhaps fifty well known gentlemen who stood at the rear of the hall. The attendance was most certainly a flattering testimonial of the appreciation with which Mrs. Blackstock's undertaking was met. The stage at the east end was carpeted with rugs, banked with ferns and roses, edged with palms and furnished with a grand piano, easy chairs and lamps. The elegant decorations were beautified by the tinted light coming from the red shades of the electric foot-lights. I think I have never seen a prettier effect than that of the rosy light, enhancing the beauty of face and form and lending enchantment to the waves of intricate melody. Hon. G. W. Allan was chairman, and made a neat speech at the opening of the programme, moving at the close a vote of thanks to Mrs. Blackstock. Among those present I noticed: Miss Campbell, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Lieut. Lawrie, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, the Misses Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Miss Temple, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, Miss Parsons, Messrs. and the Misses Beardmore, Mrs. Drayton, Mr. and Miss Drayton, Judge and Mrs. Macdougald, Mrs. McArthur, the Misses and Messrs. Boulton, Mr. and the Misses Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir and Mr. Frank Darling.

*

The gowns looked idealistic in the softening light. Some of those which I noticed were as follows: Mrs. Gerritt-Smith, a black embroidered gauze over crushed strawberry with a jetted bodice; Mrs. Blackstock white brocade satin with mull sleeves; Miss Campbell, black with white trimmings; Miss Beardmore, white satin; Miss Helen Beardmore, white and gold gauze, with cloak of gray broadcloth and white feathers; Miss Langmuir, red tulle; Mrs. Bridges, white silk and yellow brocade; Miss Parsons, black net; Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, sage green, with an embroidered tablier and a plush mantle ornamented with white angora; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, black velvet and point lace, sapphire and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Torrance, pale yellow brocade; Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, pale blue china silk. Nearly two hundred and fifty remained for the dance, which was in gay progress until two o'clock.

*

Mr. Arthur Allan and Mr. Faber will return to England early in March, after a pleasant visit to Canadian friends.

*

Mrs. Bridges of Lakewood is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Jarvis of Jarvis street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pitman of Iowa are the guests of Mrs. Beardmore.

*

Mrs. Reed of Bloor street gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Tuesday last.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a dinner party on Wednesday. Among those present were: Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. C. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. F. Jarvis, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Blackstock, Major Harrison, Major Vidal, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Hector.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines of Simcoe street entertained at dinner on Thursday evening.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street entertained at dinner on Friday evening. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Allan, Sir Thomas Galt, Chief Justice Armrur, Mr. B. B. Osler and Mr. Christopher Robinson.

*

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sheppard returned to town on Monday last after a two months' absence in Mexico.

*

The Sheridan Club, a dramatic organization with Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., hon. president, Mr. Douglas Armour, president, and Mr. Vere C. Brown, secretary, held an informal At Home at McBean's Hall, College avenue, on Tuesday evening last. After a delightful amateur programme, in which Miss Morgan, Miss May Francis, Mr. Parlsault, Mr. Walter Reed and Mr. Harry Boddy took part, refreshments were served and the chairs being cleared away an impromptu dance was indulged in. Among those present were: Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Henry Wickham, Mrs. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, the Misses Dawson, Miss Street, Miss Amy Street, the Misses Moss, Miss Thompson, Miss Biggar of Belleville, Miss K. Labatt of London, Miss Bunting, Miss Walker, Mrs. Hyman, Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, jr., Miss Mackenzie, the Misses Morgan, Miss Read, Miss Jones, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Brooks, Miss Wilson, Messrs. Stuart Morrison, Ford Jones, J. H. Moss, Lawrie, Graham Thomson, Strachan, Brough, Hellmuth, Macdonald, Morton Jones, Vere Brown, Sullivan, Senkler, Manning, Minty, Sydney Jones, O'Brien, Burroughes and Blake.

*

Mrs. E. A. Lilley of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Henry D. P. Armstrong of Huron street.

*

Mrs. Vankoughnet of Washington avenue gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Tuesday of last week.

*

A pleasant ride, followed by afternoon tea, was the charming entertainment given last Tuesday by the Misses Homer Dixon of Wellesley street. The guests were: Mrs. McDougall, Miss May Dawson, the Misses Seymour, the Misses Brough, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Heinaman, Miss Evans, Mr. Laurie and Mr. Evans.

*

Mrs. Small of Murray street welcomed friends to an afternoon tea on Friday of last week. Some of the guests were: Mrs. McDougall, Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Todd, Miss Dawson, Miss Campbell, Miss Bickford, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Montizambert, Messrs. Jones, Mr. Bickford, Mr. Evans, Mr. Laurie and Mr. Ralph Bruce of Hamilton.

*

Mrs. Blackstock and her daughter go south to-day, to pay a flying visit to Mrs. McMaster who is spending the winter in South Carolina.

*

Miss Lily MacMillan of Oshawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. Phillips of Grosvenor street.

*

Miss Helen Gregory, M.A., arrived here Tuesday from Tokyo, Japan, after having visited the North-West Provinces and Japan for several months past, engaged in literary work. Miss Gregory and her mother are at the Arlington.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr of Sherbourne street are wintering in St. Augustine, Florida.

*

Miss Parsons of Grange avenue is paying a visit to friends in Buffalo.

*

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra of Rosedale has gone to Thomasville, Georgia, for the winter.

*

Miss Cochrane of Rochester is visiting Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, No. 5 Russell street.

*

The lamentable accident on Wednesday which resulted in the death of Mr. George A. Badgerow, by being thrown from a horse he was riding, was a source of the greatest regret to all friends of the family. He was the son of County Crown Attorney Badgerow. The absence of the young man's parents in Bermuda only aggravated the inexpressible sadness of his untimely death. The deceased was about twenty-one years of age and a great favorite among his acquaintances. He was in his third year at Toronto University and was always an active participant in the students' sports.

*

A number of ladies are engaged in carrying on in the most unostentatious manner a musical club. The members are violinists, pianists and vocalists, and they gather together each Wednesday morning at ten o'clock. The organization has been most satisfactory with regard to its success, and we shall hear more of it a little later on, when we may all have an opportunity to listen to delightful music interpreted by earnest and thoughtful performers.

*

Mr. Charles T. Russell of Alleghany, Pa., author of Millenial Dawn, will speak in Temperance Hall to-morrow at 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

*

Captain E. A. Cruickshank of the 44th Battalion delivered a most interesting lecture at Upper Canada on Monday evening. The subject was one of especial interest to the people of this part of Ontario, for it was the Battlefields of the Niagara Peninsula. The facts were so carefully stated and the information so copious, that the Military Institute are about to publish the lecture in pamphlet form. Among the gentlemen present were noticed: Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, Col. Otter, Col. G. T. Denison, Col. Dawson, Col. Rogers, Col. Jones, Col. Shaw, D. B. Field, Q. C., T. Jarvis, Dr. Scadding, Major J. J. Denison, Major Vidal and Capt. Dickson. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks to the entertainer was moved by Col. G. T. Denison and seconded by Col. Dawson.

*

Mr. Carter Troop addressed a most earnestly, attentive audience in St. George Church school house, on Tuesday evening. The subject was Lord Beaconsfield.

*

One of the delightful reunions of the French Conversation Club was held on Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. H. Bourlier, 102 Wellesley street. All the proceeding of this organization which has a membership of almost fifty ladies and gentlemen, are conducted in French, and consist of conversation, readings and music. Prof. Coutellier gave a reading from Alphonse Karr.

*

The Sergeant-Major and Sergeants of the Q. O. R. have issued invitations for their eighth annual dinner on Friday, February 27.

*

Cards are out for the Druggists' At Home on February 26, in Webb's parlors.

*

The Harmony Club has commenced the study of Iolanthe under the most promising auspices. On Wednesday evening the chorus attendance numbered thirty-eight voices, and a splendid practice was held under Mr. Schuch's direction. Further practices to-night and Tuesday evening at 17 Yonge street Market, corner Yonge and Gerrard streets, will offer opportunity for additional accession to the ranks of the singers.

How to Fight Flesh.

Fat is the dread and disaster of actresses. Many of them are unhappily compelled to sink their talents into obesity long before age has disqualified them for youthful *roles*. Such instances of the stage as Fanny Davenport, Lillian Russell, and Pauline Hall have fought off fleshiness with more or less of temporary success. The subject of actresses' resistance to fat is written about by William Muldoon, the "solid man" and trainer of athletes, in a dramatic paper. Muldoon advises actresses not to try too hard to reduce their fat by excessive exercise, because their health would be ruined thereby. He recommends walking at a brisk pace, with long, free strides and with swinging arms, every morning for a distance as great as the woman can bear without marked fatigue, and she is to assume both easy and warm, like the "sweater" used by prizefighters. "The object of the gait," so Muldoon tells the plump actresses through the press, "is to strip from the hips. Do not try to keep your arms woman style—both fastened together in front of you—but keep one up if you wants to, and let the other swing. If your limbs begin to tire from the fast walking, rest them by running a few steps. Hurry to the point that you have chosen, and don't stop when you get there. Imagine yourself terribly disappointed, and indignantly start back home, keeping up the same pace. Hasten into your bedroom, have your room warmed, and no draughts. Wrap yourself up well with an extra blanket. Five minutes is long enough for you to sit. Then take a hot drink of weak tea, or even hot water. Sit ten minutes more. By that time, your circulation will have become normal. Then do not lazily and slowly take off one garment and stop, but strip yourself as rapidly as possible. Have coarse towels ready. If you employ a maid, have her on hand. Get assistance from either the maid or any one who is convenient. A very particular point is not to allow the perspiration to stand on the skin after stripping. Have the towels all ready. Strip the upper portion of the body first, rub quickly and thoroughly; then strip the lower part. A good rubbing with rough towels is then gone through. Throw a blanket about yourself for a few moments, as there is usually a reaction, and another slight perspiration comes on. Rub again with the coarse towels, and then take a sponge bath. Go through a thorough rubbing again with coarse towels, and a hard rub; dress warmly, and as you gradually resume your accustomed costume, whatever it may be, let a little more air into the room to cool it off. You may at first have a great desire to drink something—something cold—as the stomach is feverish. But you must resist that temptation, also. Satisfy that desire by getting the pure air. Open the windows. Keep out of the draught. This walk should be taken at least every other day. If you feel strong enough and equal to the occasion, take it every day when the weather is fair. And remember that it is not the distance that you walk—it is the pace in which you walk it. A man may walk ten miles and gain a pound. I can take the same man three miles and make him lose two pounds. Slow walking has a tendency to make a healthy person heavy."

What Nero's Business Was.

This recalls a tale told by a librarian to the effect that one day a visitor pointed to a bust which adorns the reading-room of the establishment with which he is connected and asked, "Is that anybody about here?"

The librarian, supposing that the questioner was simply attempting to guy him, answered: "He has been dead too long for me to presume to say where he is."

"I mean was he a man who lived here," corrected the stranger, and then, without waiting for a reply, he added, "What was his name?"

"Nero," the librarian replied.

"Nero," the other repeated thoughtfully; "that don't seem just like an American name. What was his business?"

"He was at the head of the Fire Department," the librarian replied, unblushingly.—*Boston Courier.*

Manners and Social Usages of Good Society

By MRS. SHERWOOD

Post Free . . . $1.25

Dance Programmes and Invitations

A SPECIALTY

James Bain & Son

SOCIETY STATIONERS

39 King Street East, Toronto

Paris Kid Glove Store

Evening Gloves in Silk, Swede and Glace all the Newest Shades

Gentlemen's Gloves for Evening Wear

Special lines just received in Lined Gloves, Mitts and Heavy Driving Gloves.

EVENING DRESSES A SPECIALTY

WM. STITT & CO., 11 & 13 King St. E., Toronto

A CANADIAN WORK OF ART

HOSE people who truly appreciate refinement and sweetness of tone in a pianoforte should hear the new scale Dominion Pianos. These beautiful instruments are already the most popular Pianos in Canada owing, in addition to their exquisite singing tone, to their chaste design and richly finished case work.

People accustomed to the tone of the ordinary Canadian Pianos can form no idea of how much superior these new pianos really are unless by personally seeing and hearing them in our Warerooms, 68 King Street West.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.

FASHIONABLE

To be fashionable you must have the latest Perfumes, the latest Face Powder, the latest Toilet Preparations. Everything the latest to be had at

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter Street.

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY, WITH dressing and smoking rooms, is available for "Private Balls," "At Homes," "Receptions." Rent—Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35. Apply GEO. C. DOWNES, at the Gallery.

TAKE THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD

SS. LINE

FOR EUROPE

S.S. AURANIA, FEB. 28

W. A. GEDDES - - Agent

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

MISS MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST,

Is prepared for the balance of the season to sell

Millinery Goods, Veilings, Ribbons, Etc.

AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

Also Costumes, Trimmings and Fans.

SPECIAL.

The Dressmaking department is still under competent management.

WINTER

TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY

TRANSATLANTIC

LOW RATES NOW IN FORCE

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Gen. S.S. and R.R. Agt., 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

N. G. LLOYD S. S. LINE

Patronized by those who desire comfort with excellence

Fast route to Southampton, London, and Continent.

S.S. Saale.....Wednesday, Feb. 25

S.S. Werra.....Saturday, " 28

S.S. Spree.....Wednesday, March 4

WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,

72 Yonge St., Toronto.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

BERMUDA

Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS

BARBADOS

Trinidad and West Indies, EVERY 10 DAYS.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,

72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Before and After.

Miss Giglamps (of the Hub)—You know, the moon affects the tide.

Miss Flansay (prospectively of a hub)—Well I know it affects them before they are.

Boudoir Gossip.

IN turning the attention to the ear and resolving to notice ears particularly for a whole week, one is apt to feel rather disinterested. But observation brings to light so many details heretofore passed unnoticed that the interest is at high water mark on the seventh day. To begin with, there are technically six divisions of the human ear. The outer fold is called the helix; the next ridge is the antihelix; the little rounded projection at the foot of the antihelix is the antitragus; the knob opposite is the tragus; the well is the concha, and the fleshy part below is the lobe or lobule.

I remember reading that criminals were usually photographed in profile, as the ear is the most unchanging feature, [and being removed from the facial ones is not affected by any subterfuge resorted to for disguise.

"Some people," says the writer of a recent article on ears, "possess a singular muscular power over the ear, and can move the upper part at will, but it is rarely met with." A lad who could "move his ears," was the cause of considerable merriment in a farm house years ago; and I know a woman who draws astonished laughter from her friends, as her ears move up and down.

There are two grand divisions of ears. The curved, hanging lobe and the straight one. An ear which has been pierced can never again be beautiful, for even if the rings worn are not heavy ones, or if they be discarded altogether, there is in the first place a slight elongation of the lobe, and in the latter an unsightly scar.

The sloping ear accompanies an artistic nature, if the upper part be not heavy. With the the heavy top, the temperament is appreciative of beauty, but broad, genial and often lacking in self-control. Mrs. Stanley's ear is sloping, with a large lobe. Henry Irving's is also sloping, while Dr. Koch has a straight, strong ear, denoting tireless energy, tact and penetration. The Marquis of Salisbury has also the ear of the far-seeing man, while Rider Haggard's ear is somewhat sloping and is finished with the straight lobe, which is seldom seen.

From childhood we have heard that little ears belong to stingy people, but it is not always so. Truly a cramped, drawn ear, thin and narrow, does denote shrewdness and reserve; but an abnormally large ear indicates coarseness and cut spread ones show combativeness. I noticed this week a pair of particularly aggressive ears. They seemed to be on the look out for grumbling material and the wrinkled brow and close drawn mouth told me what use their owner would make of it when found. Scrimpy little ears I saw in abundance, while well-formed ones of good color are very rare in Toronto.

•

Women as a rule are afraid of telegrams. The yellow envelope strikes terror to many a feminine heart. Of course if one has all their dear ones in sight, and no money to lose the nervousness is only force of habit, or as the philosophical Mr. Polara says "on general principles." Between the moments of first seeing a message, and the one in which the trembling recipient learns that John has missed the train and will be home at midnight, she has pictured him robbed, drowned, burnt to death, mangled or eloped. That was alright years ago, when telegrams were only used to convey dread news and to summon distant friends in haste. Now the telegram transmits tenderness, congratulation, news and even business arrangements of questionable importance, so the brave womanly woman of to-day should abandon her hysterics, brace up her nerves and keep her pulse at its normal beat. It would be a good plan for a dozen women to band together in a society, each pledging herself to send every member a telegram once a month—said telegram to contain some trivial message which would make the woman who became alarmed, self-accusing for the time and resolute for the future.

•

The unpleasant girl is the one who:
Chews gum.
Asks for the trump in euchre.
Favors pronounced fashions.
Likes loud colors.
Says first and sorrows later on.
Wears unmended gloves.
Wishes she was a man.
Squanders time and talks of being busy.
Speaks scornfully of "old maids."
Says, "It is right," not "I think it right."

•

A writer in one of the New York papers speaks of the abolition of the door-plate there. Even the houses which have stood for years are now discarding the plate from the front door. It is a pity, and it is to be hoped that our city will not follow the fashion. We mortals have speculation enough, and need the gray matter of our brains in all its strength for unavoidable discussions. One cannot always conduct a directory search, and a door-plate saves the housemaid's patience and shoes, wins back for the owner interest on fuel and bell-hangings, besides conferring an inestimable benefit upon the stranger at his gates.

•

The principal streets are always filled with business men and women in the early morning. On Saturdays, however, there is a slight difference in the attire of many who come down at the usual time. A fair percent of them go out of town to spend Sunday, and as they almost invariably carry small satchels, I call them the satchel brigade. Many are men, and I have fancied I detected a lightness of step as they moved briskly along. The satchels are brown, black, tan and fawn-brown predominating. They contain the secrets of well-brushed hair, smooth faces, glistening teeth and shining shoes, while many of them carry before train-time, a box of creams or a spray of roses. I wonder if it is because the few are away, that the many are so busy on Monday, or is it because the enterprise of our time feels badly that one day in seven has been rested not worked away, or are we all so refreshed by inanition that our energies are redoubled on the second day of the week?

•

You cannot turn a corner but you hear political discussions. You cannot meet a friend who does not want to know if you "were at the political meeting?" If you say no, girls, he grows "explanatious," which is usually tiresome. If you say yes, he asks for your impressions, your views—everything but your vote, and then you, too, grow tiresome. People are arranging quarrels, the bad feeling from which will endure in proportion to the strength of expressed opinions. I never did want to be a man, and I am more delighted now at the decree of Providence than I ever was. What a pity it would be if we were all so excited. Who would sit up and make hot lemonade for over enthusiastic men, and brush off the spots made by metaphorical mud? It is indeed well that we can sit still and wish for what we consider the "best" side to win, without getting aches in our heads and ruffles on our tempers.

•

Dame Fashion has many vagaries with which to tempt her devotees this year. Some of them are:

Dress fabrics with woven tucks.
Tiny paniers on the skirts of evening gowns.
Shot mohairs in delicate and rich shades.
A slender waisted redingote for street wear.
Combinations even in tailor-made gowns.

•

A dainty table scarf is made of a yard of fine India silk. One end is edged with self-colored fringe. The other is finished with wide and rather heavy lace, and all around the deep scallops six rows of delicate crochet stitch is made in a contrastic color of knitting silk, the whole being finally embellished with fairy fringe made from the silk with a rather fine crochet needle.

A novel lamp shade is formed of a bit of crape embroidered in scallops and also finished with fringe.

The day of woolly little pompons is dead, and in all art needlework fringe is an inevitable adjunct. Very dainty it is, too, and—very high-priced as a rule.

•

We are disposed to look too much to outward form and to value our friends by the qualities which make others speak well of them. It should not be so. Useless manifestations of esteem are only forms. Gifts are but the trappings of regard. We should go deep and sound the heart, finding there the love which reaches out and stands between us and danger, averts temptation and holds us true to ourselves while life shall last.

CLIP CAREW.

The Twin Soul.

For Saturday Night.

'Mong all created beings each seeks one
To share its joys and griefs. Nature all wise
Has placed within the heart an unerring tone
Unto one other's; though for years it lies
Unheard, unfelt, buried within a breast
That knows not of its presence. Let the chord,
On which for time untold it lay at rest,
Be stirred, but e'er so slightly, by a word,
A look, be roused, then swiftly through the frame
It speeds, bringing to light and life feelings,
To portray which all language is too tame;
Though few but find them o'er the bosoms stealing;
Like of maternal love the first bright glow,
Or dreams that seraph'd natures only know.

W. H. PAGLAR.

He Took His Time.

Two young women in Dakota were alone one day when a young Indian brave, whom they knew, came to see the man of the house. The man was away and the Indian sat down to wait for him. During this interval, the girls, being of a lively turn, began asking him questions about his mode of former life; among other things they asked him to give a war-whoop and show them how he scalped people, but he gave no answer. Some time afterward, when they were talking of other subjects and had forgotten all about him, he sprang up suddenly, gave a war-whoop that made the house-top ring; then, snatching a big knife that lay on the table with one hand, he took the top-knot of one of the girls in the other and ran the back of the knife around her scalp. They were each scalped in this manner, and were nearly frightened out of their wits; but he sat down and began to laugh, and told them he had only done what they had asked him to do.—*Argonaut.*

Brutal.

Mrs. Bonfant—Mr. Guyerre paid me a charming compliment to-night. He said I didn't look a single day over twenty-five.

Mr. Bonfant—You don't. You look thousands.—*Judge.*

For Opera, Theater, or Smoking Concert.

The Tuxedo, or "tailless dress coat" as it is sometimes defined, is the proper dress for such occasions. There has been a deal of nonsense fired off by the uninitiated regarding this innovation which is comparatively recent. The reader may be assured that this garment is not such a very formidable novelty after all. It is, in fact, as old as the hills as a garment. Although it is unfamiliar in this country, it is, in fact, nothing more nor less than the East India tea coat, which has been worn in Calcutta and all the oriental capitals for probably a quarter of a century. It was designed to meet the requirements of an informal dress garment for use in a warm country where such extraneous nuisances as tails or anything that added to the weight or density of a garment were undesirable. To make room for my specially large spring importation which I expect to arrive shortly, am offering special inducements to my patrons and the public generally during the month of February. Remember the fashionable west-end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block.

SPRING FLOWERING
PLANTS
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Window and Table Plants
AT
Greenhouses--Rear 490 Ontario St.
AND A CHOICE SELECTION
Cut Roses, Carnations and all Seasonable Flowers
AT
S. TIDY & SON
FLORISTS
164 YONGE STREET
Special attention given to Floral Tributes and Wedding orders.
Telephones—Store, 2089. Greenhouse, 5057.

70 YEARS
Old people over 70 years can be
Photographed Free
For 30 days at
J. C. WALKER & CO.'S
Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY
PRICE 25C
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

PINKED AND FRINGED RUCHINGS
"Parisian" Plaiting in Lace and other light materials for Evening Dresses done on short notice by
L. A. STACKHOUSE
497 Yonge Street, Toronto

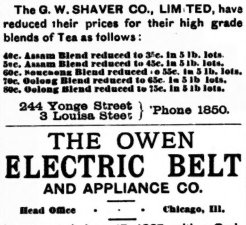
THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

MISS SULLIVAN
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET

Armson & Stone.
WITH THE TIMES
We are ready to show as choice a line of Early Spring Costume Cloths as need be desired. The varieties are elegant, and the prices are low. Be ready for the early days of sunshine and order at once.
BLACK GOODS—Ever variety and special attention given to
MOURNING ORDERS
212 YONGE STREET

HIGH GRADE TEAS
REDUCED IN PRICE
The G. W. SHAVER CO., LIMITED, have reduced their prices for their high grade blends of Tea as follows:
40c. Assam Blend reduced to 35c. in 5 lb. lots.
50c. Assam Blend reduced to 45c. in 5 lb. lots.
60c. Souchong Blend reduced to 55c. in 5 lb. lots.
70c. Oolong Blend reduced to 65c. in 5 lb lots.
80c. Oolong Blend reduced to 75c. in 5 lb lots.
244 Yonge Street
3 Louisa Street
'Phone 1850.

THE OWEN
ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada
Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.
RHEUMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although scarcely has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.
WOMEN
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

Fred Armstrong Plumber and Gasfitter
277 Queen St. West.
A large stock of gas fixtures on hand.

Single and Double Texture Waterproof Garments in an Extensive Variety of Styles Designs and Qualities at

THE GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE 12 King St. West

Great Bargains in Furs
FOR
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
AT
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto
We have decided to mark our immense stock of FINE FURS DOWN 50 PER CENT. rather than carry them over till next season. This will give intending purchasers a GRAND OPPORTUNITY to purchase RELIABLE FURS much below their ORIGINAL COST OF MANUFACTURE. We guarantee every article sold; no wholesale job lots or old-fashioned stuff, but every article manufactured under the direct supervision of our Mr. James Harris, who, being a practical furrier, enables us to offer better goods and better value than any other opposition house in the trade All our furs are made from the finest grades of skins. We do not deal in cheap goods. This sale will enable the public to buy FIRST-CLASS GOODS as low as the inferior article can be purchased for. Now is your chance. Cash buyers will get every advantage, as we must do a business of $1,500 a day for thirty days. Don't forget. Sale commences Saturday. Special attention given to LETTER ORDERS.
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

Armand's Hair Store
407 Yonge Street 407
Ladies' Hair-Dressing
FOR
Balls, Soirees, Concerts, Theaters, Photos, Weddings, Fancy and Historical Coiffures.
Appointments to be in advance. Great selection of Hair Ornaments.
Telephone 2498

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Instantaneously removed and the root permanently distroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration of the most delicate skin, with the accidentally discovered Capilterine—harmless as water. Capilterine supersedes Electrolysis. Price $1 50.
Ninon de l' Enclos Face Bleach
It cleanses and makes the skin wonderfully clear and free from Blackheads, Sallowness, Tan, Freckles, etc. Used by the most refined ladies in France and England. Price $2.
Eau Antiride.—Positive wrinkle remover. Always sweet sixteen. Price $1 75
Depot of the Most Refined Hair Powders and Toilet Preparations.
ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE
407 Yonge Street 407
Telephone 2498 Toronto, Ont.

DORENWEND'S
Is the Leading House for Fashionable
HAIR GOODS
The latest and most
ARTISTIC STYLES
In Wigs, Bangs, Switches, etc.
Largest, Best and Cheapest House in the Dominion.
Finest Hair Dressing Rooms on the Continent.
Telephone 1551
105 Yonge St.
Send for circular.

BUY THE GENUINE
Rogers Bros. 1847 A 1 Goods
IN
Knives Forks and Spoons
First-class in every respect and fully warranted by the manufacturers.
DAVIS BROS. JEWELERS 130 Yonge St. 130

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
ALSO
Examinations—Oral or Written
337 McCaul Street - - - Toronto
J. C. FORBES
PORTRAIT PAINTER
Studio 14 Orde Street - - Toronto

BONN WARE—1755
CACTUS DECORATIONS (the latest)
A nice assortment of this celebrated ware in
Vases, Flower Bowls, &c.
BELLEEK (Irish)
Another case containing
Afternoon Tea Cups and Saucers, After Dinner Coffees, After Dinner Chocolates, Bon Bon Shells, Trays, &c.
FRENCH CHINA
All the new designs and decorations.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
Telephone 2177
109 King St. West - - Toronto

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
CROMPTON CORSET CO.

THE BEST
PARLOR GAMES

HALMA, complete at	75c. and	$1.00
Tiddlywinks, complete at	35c. and	65
Tiddlywink Tennis, complete for from 2 to 6 players		1 25
Fort, complete in box		2.00
Crokinole "		3.00
Basilinda (The latest and best game for children)		1.25
Revers	35c. and	75
Anabasi (The new game by author of Halma)		1.25
Parcheesi	40c., $1, $1 50 and	2.00

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS
FOR SALE AT
P. C. ALLAN'S
35 King St. West, Toronto
Send for complete illustrated catalogue.

The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I BUILT MY SOUL A LORDLY PLEASURE HOUSE."

Life at Mont Oriol, for those who were not bound by their doctors to an exactly constraining regimen of bathing and self-denial, was one perpetual holiday. Such visitors as Edith Champion lived only to amuse themselves—to drive to distant ruins and castles in early morning when the sun-baked grass was cooled with dew, play cards or billiards, and dance in the evening. For Mr. Champion Mont Oriol meant hard work, and considerable self-denial—daily baths, a severe regimen as to meat and drink, and a strict avoidance of the excitement, or action, such transactions being the very delight of his life, the salt which gave life its savor, and without which the man felt himself already dead.

"There are men who are dead from the waist downwards," he said one day, "and who have to be dragged about in bath chairs, or lifted in and out of a carriage. I don't pity them, as long as they are allowed to write their own business letters. I am dead from the waist upwards." He had his secretary with him at Mont Oriol, and in spite of all prohibitions that falcon eye of his was never off the changes of the money market. He had telegrams from the Stock Exchange daily, in his own particular cypher, which was at once secret and economical. There were days when thousands trembled in the balance, while he sat taking his sun-bath on the terrace in front of the hotel, and when the going down of the sun interested him only because it was to bring him tidings of loss or gain.

"Would you like a set of opals, Edie?" he asked, one day at afternoon tea, scrambling up the little bit of blue paper which had just been brought to him. "I have made three thousand by a rise in Patagonian street railways."

"A thousand thanks, but you forget the opals you gave me two years ago. I don't think you could improve upon those."

"Yes, I had forgotten those opals. They belonged to a Russian Princess. I got them for about half their value. Then I suppose there is nothing I can give you?" he continued, in a faint sigh, as if her indifference had suggested the impotence of wealth.

"You are too good. I think not. I have everything in the world I care for."

Mr. Champion and his wife had the handsomest suite of rooms in the hotel, and Gerard had taken the next best. But even then they absorbed an entire floor in one wing of the great white barrack. They were thus in a manner secluded from the vulgar herd, and Gerard seemed as if staying on a visit with the Champions, since he was invited to use their salon as freely as his own, while he dined with them five days out of seven. He had his own servants with him, valet and groom, and he began to think that he too wanted a secretary, if it were only to write every day to architect or builder urging them to carry on their work without an hour's loss. He was eager to be installed in his own house, eager to accumulate pictures and statuary, curios, books, plate—to taste the feverish rapture of spending his money. If, as Dr. Sorbet had told him, his life was likely to be shorter than the average life, there was all the more reason why he should spend his money freely, why he should spend it into a few years all the enjoyment that wealth can buy—and yet even here there was peril. He had been warned against all fierce emotions. To prolong that life which he had, he must live temperately, and never pass the limits of tranquil domestic life.

He seemed to him now as if this view he could hardly have done better for himself than in that compact which he had made with Edith Champion. In his relations with her there were no fiery agitations, no degenerate impatience. He loved her, and had loved her long—perhaps a little more passionately when his love was a new thing, but he had assured himself, more devotedly than he loved her now. He was secure of her love, secure also of her virtue, for had she not known how to respect herself in this long apprenticeship of his amic affection. Their lives would glide smoothly on, till James Champion, cared for and kindly treated to the last hour of his existence, should drop gently into the grave, decently mourned for such space of time and in such manner as the world exacts of well-bred widows; and then Edith and he would be married, and assume that commanding position in London and continental society which only a husband and wife whose views and culture exactly harmonise can ever attain. The prospect was in every way agreeable, and he could look forward to it without any violent throbbing of his tired heart. Dr. South had called it a tired heart—a heart with which there was nothing organically wrong, only the vigour left by the strain of overwork. He could sit in the hotel garden taking his sun bath, and placidly admiring the perfection of Edith's profile shadowed by the broad-leaved Leghorn hat, or the delicate arch of her instep in the high-heeled Parisian shoe, so eminently adapted for skirting still.

And so the days went by at Mont Oriol, and nothing broke the monotony of luxurious idleness—a life such as Gulliver's, and the ladies and ladies may have led at Camelot, when things were beginning to go rather badly at the Court of King Arthur, a life of sensuous pleasures and dormant intellectuality—a life in which people talked about books, but rarely read, affected a profound interest in advanced philanthropy yet would have hardly risen from a low basket chair to save the life of a fellow man, a life in which heart and brain were only half awake, while the desire of the eye and the delight of the ear were paramount.

Pleasant as this holiday time was, Gerard rejoiced when it came to an end, and he was free to return to London and look after his architect and builder. October was half gone when he arrived in his shabby old quarters in the church—lodgings at which his new servants looked with undisguised contempt. The builders were hard at work in the house near the Park—Stanford House it was called in the past, but it was to be known henceforward by the name of its new owner. The builders were working by night as well as by day, by the aid of the electric light which was already installed. Gerard went to see them at work on the night after his return, and he felt as he gazed there seemed something demoniac in the vision of these men swarming up and down ladders and balancing themselves upon narrow cornices in the weird light, and amidst the noise of many hammers.

They were a little behind with their work, the clerk of the works admitted, but there had been a difficulty in getting good men, and he was determined only to have first-rate workmen upon a job of such importance.

"Depend upon it, you'll be satisfied with the result, sir," he said. "The alteration of the facade has been a very difficult job, I can assure you. It isn't like a new building, you see. We have had to adapt the loggia to the existing front, and to avoid all appearance of patchwork. You'll be pleased when it's done."

"Perhaps I shall, if I live long enough to see it," answered Gerard fretfully. "But judging by the present aspect of the house, I may be in my grave before it is finished."

"Oh, indeed, sir, we are more forward than you may think. The interior decorations are going on simultaneously. Things will come together in a day. The architect is thoroughly satisfied with the way the work is being done."

"No doubt; but the architect is not waiting to occupy the house, as I am."

He stayed there for nearly two hours betwixt midnight and morning, going about with the clerk of the works and foreman, and the litter and confusion of painters and carpenters, glaziers and plumbers, a veritable pandemonium, in which fiends were raging to and fro with cauldrons of boiling lead, and pots of acrid-smelling paint, a scene of discordant noises, shrill whistling from divers whistles, sounds of planes and hammers, chisel, and anger. It was out of this chaos his ideal mansion was to come, fresh as the world when the Creator saw that it was well.

He went there again next day with Mrs. Champion and her niece—she had at least a dozen nieces—and took up one or another as capriciously as she chose her gloves. Roger Larose and the furniture man were there to meet them, and they all went over the house by daylight, peering into every corner, and discussing every detail, the mantel pieces, the stoves, the windows and window seats, moulding, panelling, painted, carving, glass stained, and glass Venetian, Bohemian, Belgian.

Aunt and niece were both agreed that house and decorations would be quite too lovely; they did not attempt to conceal their opinion. The niece, Miss Flora Bellinger, went about with her petticoats held up and her shoulders and elbows contracted, murmuring "Lovely, lovely," to everything, even the sink, and in deadly fear of wet paint.

One suggestion Mrs. Champion ventured to make:

"Be sure you have plenty of corners," she said to Mr. Larose; "quaint, odd angles, don't you know—pretty little nooks that can be made Moorish, or Japanese, or Dutch, or Old English, just as one's fancy may suggest."

"My dear Aunt, you are the idea," replied the architect gravely, "and you see their angles. I cannot alter the shape of rooms that are practically finished."

"That's a pity. I thought you could have thrown in corners. The rooms are utterly lovely—but there are no quaint nooks."

"I see, Mrs. Champion, that you hanker after a Flemish style, which has now become the property of the restaurants. Were you never in the Rietzi Place at Florence?"

"Yes, I know it well."

"I don't think you saw any quaint nooks or odd angles there, although you may find as much you like in Earl's Court."

"Yes, I suppose they are getting common," sighed Mrs. Champion; "everything becomes common—everything pretty and fantastical, at least."

After that searching inspection, which involved certain serious recommendations and decisions, Gerard Hillersdon told himself that he would look no more upon his house until it all was finished, and secret recesses small of old papers—lost wills—marriage certificates upon which great fortunes depend—love letters—among them perhaps a hundred and fifty years ago. That bureau is a romance in walnut wood, and if you could see the dirty old shop in which we found it——

"I am answered," said Gerard; "the wealth of the Indies cannot give you half the pleasure you will find in bargain hunting in dirty shops. Perhaps when you have found the most of your treasures are spurious, and that you could have got better and truer antiques for less money at Wert End upholsterer's, your bargain hunting will lose some of its zest. I will bide my time."

It amused him a little, and interested him deeply to see how small a significance his wealth had in the eyes of his sister, as compared with her lover and her own outlook of genteel poverty in a crowded London district. For this girl, deep in love with an enthusiast, and sharing his enthusiasm, wealth had no fascination.

"You are too good," she told her brother, when they two were alone, and he pressed her to accept a handsome dowry, "but I shouldn't care to have money assumed by Jack. Jack should feel humiliated. He cannot afford to settle anything, and I shouldn't like the settlements to be one sided."

"But, my dear girl, that is all nonsense."

"Perhaps it is, only I feel as I have my own way. We are sure to want your help by and by, to build schools, or to improve the church, perhaps. There is sure to be some pressing want in the parish, and then we will appeal to you. Jack and I feel that we are to live among poor people, it is good for us to be poor. We shall be able to sympathize with them, and understand them all the better."

Gerard argued no longer, but he meant that his sister should be endowed by him, all the same. She should not be poor, while he was inordinately rich. The settlement would have to be made. In the meantime he was glad that the marriage should be put off for a year, and that he might have this bright young creature for his companion in the new home whose splendid rooms sometimes with her presence filled of apprehension. Would he not feel lonely in that large house until he could bring a wife home, and all his wife's feminine surroundings of cousins and female friends, with their flutter, and fuss, and life, and movement. A house occupied only by men has always a gloomy atmosphere. There lacks the color and frou frou of women's brighter raiment.

He pleaded with his mother that she should spare Lilian to him, until she should be claimed by a husband, and she, who had so dearly loved this wayward son—her poet as she had called him in the fond exaggeration of maternal love, intoxicated by his juvenile success in literature—could refuse him nothing. She would have to part with her only daughter in a little time. That was inevitable. The light-hearted daughter of the house, she whom heaviest task hitherto had been the making of a new frock for a smart garden party, she whom only sorrow had touched in harmony with others, was now to go out into the thick of the fight, and bear her own burdens as wife and mother, and carry on her shoulders and in her heart the care of a new life, the anxieties, the disappointments, his failures and difficulties, all his frailties and feeblenesses, physical and mental. These were the burdens of marriage, these she must carry patiently to the end, or else go out into the dismal company of faithless husband and wives. Lilian's lines had fallen in a good husband, as husbands go, yet his wife looked at her fair young daughter, sitting at the piano under the soft lamplight, accompanying her lover's song, very much as a lamb may have looked at Isaac on the eve of the intended sacrifice.

"It will not be a parting for you and Lilian," pursued Gerard, intent upon his purpose, "for I shall expect you to spend all the best part of the year at Hillersdon House. We will be the London season together. Drink the cup of pleasure to the dregs."

"My dearest boy, what do I know of the season? I should be out of my element with the people you call smart. When Barbare Vere talked of her great parties, and her lords and Duchesses, I felt as if she talked in an unknown language. I can get on very well with our county people here—we are county ourselves, you know—but I daresay I should hardly feel comfortable with those I met them in London, in all their London finery."

"Dear mother, you underrate the adaptability of your plastic sex. I can conceive my father feeling bored by town galeties, and pining for his poultry yard, his county papers, and his infallible barometer. He has got into the rusty groove, and might suffer by transplantation—but you would enjoy the quick, eager existence, and intellectual friction."

"I certainly should delight in meeting intellectual people—Tennyson, Browning, Tyndall, and Owen for instance," said Mrs. Hillersdon, "if a little group of that kind were to be met at every evening party in the season.

"And the music and the pictures," suggested Gerard.

"Yes, indeed, there is so much to see and to hear in London. When we have gone up to Limmer's for a fortnight the time has been all too short. A Greenwich dinner, which I shall always consider a sad waste of time and money, an afternoon at Richmond, perhaps a day at Ascot, and lunches in London with too hospitable friends. The fortnight goes by in a rush, and one seems to have seen nothing."

"It shall be otherwise when you are with me, mother. We will go about in a leisurely way, and see everything. I know my little London, all that she is, and all that she is not, and I will teach you how to get the best she can give you. I wonder what you will think of my new house."

"I am sure it will be perfect. You have such exquisite taste."

"Fond flatterer. I have nothing but money, which can buy the educated taste of other people."

Gerard spent Christmas at the rectory, partly because his mother was especially anxious that he should be with her at that season of family gatherings, and partly because his latest letters from builder, architect, and furniture man promised the completion of the house on the last day of the year. There had been a good deal of prevarication in former letters, and there had been various excuses for delay—excuses chiefly of a climatic nature, the elements seeming to have conspired against the completion of that particular house. Frost may have told Fog that the house belonged to a new man, and that the new man ought to wait. Could he not be content with the dog-kennel in which he had lived hitherto, forsooth?

But Roger's last letter was specific. The builder pledged himself that the last of his men should clear out of the house on the morning of the 31st. Decorators, carpet-layers, needlewomen should vanish from the scene, silently as goblins at cockcrow, and on New Year's Eve men and women, builders' minions and upholsterers' minions, were to feast together on a grand supper at the Bell and Horns, in the Brompton road.

Edith Champion had undertaken what she called the mounting of the establishment. She had secured an all-accomplished housekeeper, and a clever man cook, who did not accept the situation until assured of three underlings in the kitchen, and a room for his exclusive use. She had chosen butlers and footmen, and had devised a livery for the latter—dark, almost invisible green, with black velvet collars and facings, black velvet small clothes and black silk stockings. "It is a sombre livery," she wrote to him, "but I know how well it will think you will like the effect. Your men will wear silk stockings always, that is a point, and I have told your housekeeper to be very particular about their shoes. Pumps and dress shoes will be made in Bond street, and will cost forty shillings a pair. Forgive me for troubling you with these details, but with your wealth your only chance of distinction is by nicety in detail. Your house will be simply perfect. I was delighted with the reception yesterday. The ceilings are painted in the style of the Ricardi Palace—a banquet in Olympus. Cobalt predominates in the drapery of the goddesses, who although nude, there are quite unobjectionable. The effect is brilliant, and harmonizes admirably with the subdued amber and russet of the brocade hangings and chair covers. I long for you to see your house now all is coming together. I engaged your Major Domo yesterday—a chance such is rarely falls in the way of a nouveau riche. He was fifteen years with Lord Hamperdonne, to whom he was guide, philosopher, and friend, rather than servant. It was he who received Hamperdonne from that odious engagement with Dolores Drummond, the Spanish dancer. He has a genius for organizing every kind of entertainment, and his Major Domo chef can only work harmoniously, your establishment will go on velvet. You will see that I am not engaging servants without a character. Your steward, groom of the chambers, and butler, with an under-butler and two footmen, a lad for the wine cellar, and a messenger, make up your stablemen may never be called away from their work. For a bachelor, I think this personnel, with half-a-dozen women, quite sufficient. Your cellars are a marvellous display, rather than usefulness, and I'm sure you don't desire that."

"How like she is," thought Gerard, as he read this letter for the second time. "How delightful to have to deal with an accomplished woman of the world instead of a sentimental girl; and what a wife she will make for a man in my position, by and by, when poor Champion's time has come. Beautiful, well-born, well-bred, of tact and social knowledge. Only any man desire a more delightful companion!" Of her husband, Mrs. Champion wrote in a melancholy tone. Mont Oriol had done him very little good, if any. He had allowed his work and his worries to follow him to the valleys of Auvergne. He had not taken that complete rest which the doctors had ordered so urgently, and he was considerably worse than he had been in the summer. The physician who had seen him there now talked of "stock exchange spine," which Edith feared was some kind of mental ailment. Her husband was depressed and restless, and there was an idea of sending him to St. Leonards for the rest of the winter with a trained attendant, as well as his valet.

"I'll be goes, I shall go with him," Mrs. Champion concluded, with the air of a Roman wife. "I must not allow pleasure or inclination to interfere with my duty to him. I should have infinitely preferred any part of the Riviera—even Mentone—to St. Leonards, which I detest; but it will be some comfort to be near you, as I daresay you will be too much taken up with your new house to go to the South this year. By the way, have you any idea of the other House? A seat in Parliament would give you Kudos, and our party wants all the strength it can get."

"*Pas si bete*," thought Gerard; "I am not going to waste any portion of my scanty life in an ill-ventilated, malodorous, over-crowded bear garden!"

He was to go to London on New Year's Day, his sister accompanying him, and delighted at the idea of the journey, and all the more delighted since John Cumberland had made it convenient to travel on the same day, and by the same train. He preached his farewell sermon on St. Stephen's Day, and drew tears from almost every eye in the church by the pathos of his affectionate farewell. His congregation knew that the pathos was real, and that he had really loved them, and worked for them as only love can work. Gerard had been glad to spend Christmas at home, for his mother's sake, but despite his affection for both parents, and his tender regard for the associations of childhood and early youth, the small domestic pleasures, and traditional recurrences of past years, the fuss about the home-grown turkey and the home cured ham—ham cut from a pig of which the rector had fed as of a departed friend—the church decorations, the parochial festivities, the mothers' meetings, coal and blanket distributions, and exhibition of Christmas cards, tormented him excessively. In his country life goes round like a wheel, and nothing but death or calamity can change the circle of infinitesimal events. In London there is always something new to be done or to be heard of—new fashions, new scandals, the unexpected in some form or other.

Gerard was consumed by the feverish impatience of the "child who has new robes and may not wear them." That last week at the rectory seemed illimitable. He wanted to be on the strong tide of life—to feel the swift river carrying him along—and here he seemed to be sitting on a vast stretch of level sand, from which he but faintly saw the distant flood. Yet this was precisely the kind of existence he had been advised to lead—a life of placid monotony, passionless, uneventful.

On his last night at the rectory, and in one of his last talks with his mother, she asked him in a casual way if he had seen or heard anything more of Hester Davenport.

"No; I have not tried to find her. The attempt seemed too hopeless; and after all, the face I saw was more a dream than a reality; yet I know it was Miss Davenport's face."

"I don't understand, Gerard——

"No, dear mother, I intend to be understood. "I must say to you as Hamlet said to his fellow-student. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy." You must come to London, mother. London is full of revelations for anyone who has been buried alive for half a lifetime in a rustic rectory. You will hear of new sciences, new religions. You will find Buddha placed shoulder to shoulder with Christ. You will find people discussing the Bible as a mere poem, and pinning their faith upon Home and Egliston. You will find the cultured classes despising Dickens and making light of Thackeray, in favor of the last smart young man who has written a smart story of three or four pages in a fashionable magazine. The old order is always changing. London is for ever new, for ever young. You will feel twenty years younger there than you do here."

"Younger under a smoky sky, Gerard! Younger in a place where one must put on one's gloves before one can venture to pick a flower. Younger among crowds of rushing people and over-worked cab horses, and sickly town babies, whose poor little faces make one miserable. I shall be glad to be with you, dear; but I love this sleepy old rectory better than the finest house in Park lane or Grosvenor square."

Gerard did not try to argue against these benighted notions. His own face was set London wards early next morning, and he and Lilian were installed in the new house before afternoon tea. They had explored every room,

DESICCATED WHEAT FOOD

Is a luxury in health; a necessity in sickness; the children's delight; a cure for impaired digestion and dyspepsia, besides being a complete general purpose food suitable for every day in the year.

DESICCATED WHEAT FOOD

In ordinary wheat food there is 70 per cent. of starch; in this food the starch is mostly converted into dextrine, which renders it easy of digestion and a boon to dyspeptics.

DESICCATED WHEAT FOOD

Is put up in neatly lithographed packages at a price within the means of everybody; gives force and strength to the system, and is recommended by the leading physicians.

Patented, manufactured and the trade supplied by

The Ireland National Food Co., Limited, Toronto

Elsa Soap

NO Boiling. Scalding.

READ the directions on the w apper.

Davids' Cough Balsam
A SURE CURE
25c. and 50c. a Bottle
C. D. DAVIEL & CO. - DRUGGISTS
111 King St. East, Toronto

JAMOMA
is a blend of Java, Mocha and Maracaibo Coffee, especially roasted and ground for Hereward Spencer & Co., Tea and Coffee Merchants, and sold by them at their shop,
63 1-2 King Street West
AND AT
287 College Street

and were ready to receive Mr. Cumberland and Mrs. Champion at eight o'clock to a friendly New Year dinner—a snug party carre at round table in the breakfast-room, one side of which was all window, opening into a winter garden where a fountain played in a low marble basin, encircled with palms and camellias.

The Swan lamps discreetly shaded, gave a soft and tempered light. The coloring in this room was subdued and cool, pale blues and green for the most part, the walls the color of a hedge-sparrow's egg, relieved by the warm sepia and Indian red of a few choice etchings. These, with a wonderful arrangement of peacock feathers and celadon Sevres vases over the chimney piece, with four marble busts of the seasons, on malachite pedestals, in the corners of the room, were the only ornaments.

"No quaint corners or angle-nooks, nothing Moorish or Japanese in all the house. No carpet or brass, or any one of the things I adore," sighed Mrs. Champion. "Mr. Larose has been horribly tyrannical. Yet I must confess he has succeeded. Your house is a creation."

The service was perfection, every man at his beat, and eager to please, and the little dinner was worthy of a company of gourmets, rather than of these four, who cared very little what they eat, and who were, some of them, too much absorbed in their own thoughts and feelings to know what they were eating. A lobster soufflé, which would have evoked praises from Lucullus or Lord Alvanley, went round without comment or appreciation. But if Mr. Hillersdon's friends did not talk about the dinner there was plenty of talk about other things. Edith Champion was full of offers to take Lilian to her particular friends and her favorite tradespeople during the few days she had left before going to St. Leonard's with her invalid husband.

"I want you to go to Madame St. Evremonde for your gowns," said Mrs. Champion. "She is the only woman in London who knows where a waist ought to begin and end—excuse my talking chiffons. Mr. Cumberland, we ought to keep that kind of thing for after dinner—but it is such a treat for a battered woman of the world like me to have a neophyte to instruct. I should like to take you to my shoemaker, too, for he is rather a different person to deal with, and if he don't take to you he won't even try to fit your foot."

"If that is the way of London shoemakers I should buy my boots ready-made at the stores," said Cumberland, grimly.

"Are there ready-made shoes?" Mrs. Champion asked innocently. "How terrible. I knew that some people buy gloves in shops ready-made, but ready-made shoes must be too dreadful. They can't fit anybody."

"Their particular merit is that they fit everybody," said Cumberland. "It is only a question of size."

"Oh, if people don't care about shape or style, or whether they have an instep or not, I suppose a ready-made boot or shoe would do," said Mrs. Champion, talking a philosophical tone. "They would keep out the wet. Only if one is to take a proper pride in one's clothes one must have them from the best makers. I could be content to go through life in a tweed gown, but it must be made by Redfern or Felix."

"I'm afraid your dressmaker would be a great deal too smart and too expensive for me, Mrs. Champion," Edith answered quietly.

"Too smart, too expensive for Mr. Gerard Hillersdon's sister. Why, you will be expected to dress as well as the Princess of Wales. Your toilette will be under the microscope that bears upon a millionaire. You will have to dress up to this house."

"I should be sorry to dress in a way that would be out of keeping with my position as a country clergyman's daughter."

"And as a London clergyman's promised wife," said John Cumberland, speaking a tender look at the fair young face from under his strongly marked and somewhat projecting brows. Those brief looks meant a world of love to Lilian.

"Let her dress as plainly or as smartly as she pleases, Mrs. Champion," said Gerard, gaily, "but if Madame St. Evremonde is the best dressmaker in London, to Madame St. Evremonde she must go. While you are in this house, Lilian, you must look your prettiest for my sake; but when you migrate to Greek street you may wear a Quakeress' poke bonnet, or a Sister of Charity's hood."

"Greek street," exclaimed Mrs. Champion, in her most childish manner. "Where is Greek street?"

(To be Continued.)

With the Royal Mail in the Nor'-West.

THE mail! Here comes the mail! What a cheery, jolly sound that cry has out in the Far West! What pleasant visions rise before us, as we make our way to the little village store, which, besides supplying the surrounding district with groceries, dry-goods, hardware, harness, and a heterogeneous collection of commodities, all the way from beeswax to feeding bottles, is also the postoffice and the rendezvous for the fathers of the hamlet, who love to assemble round its pleasant fire and discuss all the thrilling politics of the day, the price of wheat, the state of the roads, the weather, the wonderful pace of Farmer Giles' three-year-old, wh ch some of them are bold enough to declare "could win most anything this side o' Winnipeg." And so the tide flows on, occasionally interrupted, perhaps, by the entrance of a circle stepping back to the counter to request—confidently when he has the money in his hand, in a lower tone and a little apprehensively when he wants it "on the slate"—"a plug of smokin' and two o' chewin', please." But when the cry: "The mail! Here comes the mail!" is heard, the exciting conversation is quickly terminated—even the grievous wrongs of that "backbone of the country," the farmer, are for the nonce laid aside—everyone is on tiptoe with everyone expectant. Nearly all anticipate some mail, if it is only an advertisement from some "Cheapside" in the city, while many are more fortunate; they feel quite confident of hearing something from home, for although the majority of them have come to stay, have left their wives and families behind, all their "drawn stakes," and gathered in their worldly goods together, have struck out for fortune into the great lone land, they hardly feel it to be home yet. That seems still far over there looks back to the old place down East, to the time when, as a lad, he helped the old man clear the farm, hewing out from what appeared to be an impenetrable forest, a home for "mother and the girls," and a vision of that mound beneath the pines that marks the last resting place of the dear and loved one, before him and makes him feel that, after all, one is still home. And that slight, fair-haired young fellow leaning against the counter—is this home to him? Hardly yet we think—more likely some old English vicarage, around whose old gray walls the ivy lives and twines, and under whose spreading eaves the swallows build.

But let us take a look at the Royal Mail Coach while the little crowd inside await the sorting of the letters. It is winter time, and as we step outside the store, the sudden change from the close, stuffy atmosphere within, to the sharp, crisp, nippiness outside, makes us involuntarily draw our wraps closer around us, and we realize that it must be something under the forties today! "Surely that can't be the mail coach!" You say as we stop opposite a little cutter and team of "shaganappies" (native ponies). It is though, we have no use here for the old style stage coach, with its row of seats on the roof, its "room for one more inside" no box seat there, no guard with his long post horn not even the brilliant red panels with V. R. emblazoned on them. Everything here has to be as light as possible, even the horses, for we find the heavy bodied animals are left hopelessly in the rear by the little "shags" when it comes to plunging through deep snow, and breaking the trail for miles. And what great little fellows they are! born and bred in the country, tough as whalebone and possessing wonderful endurance, they can travel many more miles in a day and haul bigger loads than you would suppose possible, to judge from their appearance for they are often rough, unkemp-looking little beasts and have not the same care lavished upon them that bigger imported horses have. In summer they seldom get oats or anything more than what they can pick off the prairie. The Indians jump on their backs and off they go with the long easy lope peculiar to them, keeping it up mile after mile without any apparent eatrouble.

But we have spent sufficient time with the team, let us have a chat with their driver. There he is stamping his feet on the platform in front of the store waiting for his "way bag" and impatient to be off again, for he has to travel ten more miles yet before the last meal is served. Even now the wintry sun is dipping low in the west, and he knows he has no time to lose if he wishes to make his destination before nightfall. To look at him you would hardly suppose he could feel cold, he is so well wrapped up. An enormous fur coat extends him from head to foot, his head is encased in a big fur cap drawn well down over the ears, the big fur collar of his coat reaches almost to the top of his cap, and round all is wrapped a thick scarf of prodigious length leaving only a small portion of his face visible. Sometimes, when there is a head wind, he still further obscures it by tying a handkerchief across his nose. On his feet he wears moccasins several sizes too large, so as to leave plenty of room for at least three pairs of socks and a felt sole. But even with all this it is hard sometimes to keep warm, sitting for hours cramped up in the small sleigh, and often facing all day a bitter north-west wind that seems to pierce his very bones, for whatever the weather, however cold and stormy, Her Majesty's mail must go.

"Hello, Press," we cry to the mail man, who has moved off the platform now and is busy arranging his robes preparatory to starting on the last stage of his journey. "How goes it?"

"Wall, kinder tough to-day, roads is awful heavy, had to break trail all the way from Grant's, and it looks like breaking the road the rest of the trip. There ain't much travel this time o' the year, and it's most impossible to keep on time. Guess I'll be two hours behind to-night, but it ain't no good foolin' here longer'n you can help," and with that he takes the little way bag from one of the boys who has brought it out to him, and wheels his teams round with a "Get there, shags!" and heads off across the bleak-looking plain for his last stage.

"Good luck to you, Jim," we shout as we turn back to the little store and its roaring fire, feeling grateful that it is not our lot to drive that last ten miles to-night, and as we sit by the stove and fill once more the faithful old briar, visions of the time when we used to drive mail ourselves rise before us. How vividly we remember different incidents of the road, many of them pleasant ones, for it must not be supposed that the mail driver's life in the nor'west is a hard one all the year round. There is a vast difference between winter and summer—then it is quite a different story. Few things, to my mind, are pleasanter than to start off on a fine spring morning when the dew lies sparkling and glistening on the rich, deep green grass and the brilliant spring flowers are budding a drive, with the mail. How fresh and bright every thing looks—it is so good to see the green grass again after seeing nothing all the long winter but endless stretches of snow, only relieved here and there by little bluffs of poplars that stand so straight, so bare and leafless, and looking as if they felt quite forlorn, without their pretty friends that used to look up so brightly from their feet. But now as we roll along mile after mile on the fine, hard trail, lazily lolling in the light spring wagon, we forget the cold, the snow and discomforts so lately experienced, and feel it would be hard to beat the lovely spring weather of the west.

All these and many pleasant memories pass before us, as we sit toasting our toes before the bright wood fire in that little store this winter's evening, and we smile as we think of some amusing incident, by the road, that ostler's idea of Heaven, that missionary talk with the old lady and many others. But I think I must tell you those two.

It was a pretty rough day, and I didn't relish the idea of my fifty mile drive when I looked out that gray winter's morning, but I knew there was no getting out of it. The mail must go; the store keepers would be expecting their invoices; the farmers their *Free Press*; the old ladies their weekly sermons, and the bachelors—wouldn't I catch it if I failed to bring them letters from "the girls they left behind them." So, wrapping on the mail bags at the postoffice, I was setting off when I was hailed: "Say, you want to drive round by the Russel House. There's something for you," and the speaker pointed up the street to the open door of that hospitable hostelry where someone appeared to be bringing out some large box or keg. Hoping I was to have a passenger for company, and that the object I had seen might be his b. x. I drove round and drew up in front of the door.

"This bar's to go to Shellassippi," said the man, rolling a good sized keg forward. "No passengers you say? Wall, I guess I'll ask you to leave this at the store there. Maybe you'd better throw a rug over it, it'll keep the bar' from scratching!

I knew what it was at a glance—whisky. But why cover it with a rug? It surely would not matter very much if the barrel was scratched! So, you see, I let the matter rest while I tell you it was to keep the water that was in it from freezing. So, hoisting in the keg and covering it over as desired, I jumped in and off we went. "I shall have to be careful," I say to myself, "or someone will meddle with that keg while I am taking in the mail at the different offices. Some of these farmers have noses like Mounted Policemen for whisky." However, all went well by dint of throwing out bills in that mail bag, and leaving it at all the different offices *en route*, until I reached Parker, at noon, where I changed horses and had dinner. I was to stay there about 1 hour, so I knew it would be out of my sight during the time I was having dinner and driving to the stable. The snow was pretty deep where I drew up, reaching to the top of the sleigh, and I felt safer at the thought that whoever wanted to meddle with the keg would have to plough a good road through the snow before reaching it. I went in to dinner resolving not to be longer than I could help, as I felt anxious to get that whisky drop off my sleigh. The meal was pretty valuable in those days, twenty-five cents a very small drink! Hurrying through my meal I donned all my wraps and cheerfully said good bye to the sleigh. "What on earth is that?" I exclaimed, stopping short. "There is something at the end of the sleigh." I pulled myself over to get a clearer view. "Yes, by Jove, it is a man's head and shoulders showing above the drift."

"Hallo, there, what are you doing there?" There was no answer, so I stepped off the platform of the hotel and started over to the cutter. A few steps brought me near enough to see what he really was doing. There, right down on his knees in the drift, so as to bring his mouth on a level with the edge of the sleigh and of the whisky keg, was my friend, "Billy," the ostler. With a gimlet he had bored a hole sufficiently large to admit a long clean straw, and there he was with a most enjoyable look on his face drawing off through that straw, many, many quarters' worth of whisky.

"Hi, hi, Billy, what are doing?" You should have seen him jump. He had not heard me before, but I was close up now.

"Doin', doin', I ain't doin' nothin', honly lookin' at some fine seven through the bung."

I felt relieved to think that it had not occurred to him to draw off "seven" into a more capacious receptacle, a pail for instance. However, I knew "Billy" pretty well. He had sole charge of my second or change team, so we compromised the matter by his faithfully promising never to do it again, and his agreeing to pay the owner for whatever he had consumed. I had no further difficulty with that keg, with the wretched keg, and very glad I was to hand it over that evening to its owner, who was anxiously waiting its arrival. I fear that young man's idea of Heaven was shared by a good many others in those rough days.

The other incident I have referred to, about the old lady and the mice traps, I will relate, not because of any startling comicality about it so much as to show how easy it is to be deceived by mere appearances. I had always made it a rule to adapt myself as far as possible to the ideas and conversation of my passengers. That is to say, if I had a passenger who was a commercial man, I tried to discuss commercial topics with him, and if I knew very little of the subject I would say yes and ask him to explain certain terms and ideas, get him interested in the subject, and listen patiently while he would expatiate on the beauty of certain lines of goods, the difficulties of getting orders from different kinds of men, etc. In this way would pass many a weary mile of the road, and finally I had, at the end of the journey, the satisfaction of hearing my passenger say that he had quite enjoyed the trip and hadn't noticed the time passing. I found it an admirable plan. People are apt to get cross and cramp sitting huddled up in the cold all day, if nothing is done to make the journey seem brighter, and only bother you with questions such as "How far is it now to so and so? Say, can you get them plugs to move?" and so on. If I had a farmer for company it was just the same. I would talk wheat and wheat, butter and eggs, pigs, and anything and everything connected with a farm, while at the end of the journey the old gentleman would feel highly pleased with himself and feel satisfied he had laid me a good deal about farming that I had never heard before. Which often was strictly true, if they thought it was a perfect stranger and had never seen a farm before!

But to my story. I had been all day without a passenger, which hardly surprised me. For it was a nasty, stormy day in winter and pretty cold, and I knew people who could, would postpone their trip if they can on the mail until we had a fine day. As I had already come two thirds of the way without a passenger, I hardly expected to get one for the remaining twelve miles. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was already getting dusk, when I drew near a house which stood within a few yards of the trail, and was occasionally I found a passenger waiting for me; but as I have said, the weather being so bad and night coming on, I did not expect one that day. However, just as I was passing the house, a man ran out and stopped, saying, "Hold on a bit, I got a passenger for you," and what appeared in an uncertain light to be an old lady, stepped out after him. I got out, arranged the seat comfortably, shook up the cushions, tucked the robes well round her, making her as comfortable as I could. "O.!" I thought to myself, "I must try and entertain this lady as well as I can, or she will get tired and cold and perhaps scold me to drive faster. I wonder how old she is." She had a great old-fashioned hood on with an enormous white muffler wrapped round her face, only leaving her eyes visible, which were protected by spectacles. "Must be pretty well on in years," I concluded. "I must talk something suitable—education of children, rheumatism, class meetings, missionaries," etc., and as our heads were so well muffled up I had to talk loud to make her hear, and her replies were almost inaudible. However, I did not mind that. My idea was to entertain her, and you bet I did. After a few preliminary remarks leading up to the subject I launched out on the subject of the difference of children of the present day with regard to their behavior to their elders, to those of the time when my father was a boy. "That would about fill the bill," I thought, and didn't I launch out! I warmed right up and dashed out right and left. I think I must have astonished that old lady. I am sure I did. I kept going at least half an hour. I heard her laughing, I thought, once or twice, and I felt encouraged. "She's tickled to death with my eloquence," I thought. She was. After I got through with the children I started into "How girls of the present day dress," and I more than talked. I had steam up then. High heels, hats, dresses, sashes, all came in for my withering contempt. I displayed an amount of knowledge of feminine weakness that fairly astonished myself. From that to pets—dogs, cats, birds—I had kept 'em all and loved them. Then as we were nearing town, I brought out the best subject—"Missionaries." I had a home there, and let her go! I took her clean round the world, from the terrible isolation of missions in the far north to Hu-yow-Hay, to India's coral strand. We journeyed to the interior of China, through Africa. We visited the London City Mission; called on General Booth, then away back to Manitoba to the district I thought she lived in. I more than sailed! We were almost in town now, and as we drew up in front of the house to which I was going, flushed and excited I clo ed an eloquent panegyric on the m nister of the district I suppos d she lived in. I f. l I had made a good impression well of my country, I had surpassed myself. Oh, y s; no doubt I had! For who shall describe my c nsternation—my horror—when there, under the light of the hall lamp, the supposed old lady slowly unwound her long scarf, took off her big coat and hood, and stood revealed before me a young and beautiful girl, not more than eighteen! Then she burst into one long, inappressible peal of laughter. That capped it. I felt I was out of place there and sadly turned away. H. C. MITCHELL.

Travers—You have actually sent a bill with my clothes? What insult! What infamy!

Tailor—It was all our new bookkeeper's fault, sir. He got you mixed up with those who pay.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

THESE ARE TWO AWFULLY JOLLY GIRLS

They are both, also awfully comfortable, for they wear the celebrated HEALTH BRAND underwear. Comfort and luxury combined. Recommended by all the leading Doctors in Canada. For sale by every first-class Dry Goods House in THE DOMINION

HEALTH

Misses E. & H. Johnston, modes, King street. Stock-taking sale. Remnants and cut pieces of silks, velvets, laces and novelty trimmings greatly reduced. Patterns free on receipt of postal card.

Just What You Want

HICKMAN'S

Bo-Ka-Te

BOQUET TEA

50 cents per pound. 5 lb. for $2.25

Order by mail or telephone.

HICKMAN & CO.

PARKDALE KASH GROCERY

1424 Queen West. Tel. 5061

DON'T SWALLOW

Such preposterous trash as the big DISCOUNTS ADVERTISED to hoodwink customers and

CATCH THE CASH

We quote net prices, and the value offered is indisputable. Our stock of

FANCY ARTICLES

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS

is practically unlimited.

R. POTTER & CO.

Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.

Telephone 1384

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West

Is the Headquarters for Trunks, Traveling Bags, Valises, Satchels and all traveling requisites.

We have also a large assortment of Fancy Goods, suitable for Birthday and Wedding presents.

Anyone desirous of securing a bargain in the above mentioned goods will do well to give us a call.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Eczema

Is more commonly known as Salt-Rheum. It is caused by impure blood, is accompained with intense itching and burning sensations, and, unless properly treated, is likely to afflict its victim for years. If you are suffering from Eczema, or any other eruptive disease, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has cured in numberless instances, a complete cure for this disorder.

Entirely Cured.

A few weeks ago I was attacked with a severe and distressing form of Eczema. The eruptions spread very generally over my body, causing an intense itching and burning, almost insufferable, especially at night. With great faith in the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I commenced taking it, and after having used less than two bottles of this medicine, am entirely cured.—Henry K. Beardsley, of the Hope "Nine," West Philadelphia, Pa.

I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my hands to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Debility

Languor, and Loss of Appetite, are cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine relieves that sense of *Constant Weariness*, from which so many suffer, purifies, invigorates and vitalizes the blood, gives tone and vigor to the stomach, and restores the appetite, health and strength more surely and speedily than any other remedy.

Positive Proof

Two years ago I suffered from Loss of Appetite and Debility, the result of Liver Disease. After having taken various remedies, and several physicians, without receiving any benefit, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle produced a marked change, and the second and third accomplished so much that I felt like a new man. I have, since that time, taken about one bottle every year, and had no recurrence of the trouble.—William E Way, East Lempster, N. H.

If any one suffering from General Debility, Want of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Lassitude will use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am confident a cure will result therefrom. I have used it, and speak from experience.—F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $6.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, FEB. 21, 1891. [No. 13

Music.

On Friday evening of last week the Four Hundred attended the song recital arranged by Mrs. G. T. Blackstock at the Academy of Music. It was a very fashionable gathering and a very enthusiastic one, I am told. I was otherwise engaged and could not attend, so have to fall back upon the impressions of a faithful substitute. This gentleman was not absolutely musical and in his report to me had a tendency to enlarge upon the beauty of Miss This or Mrs. That, rather than to give me the pointers I was aching for. However, I managed, by patient sympathy with his admiration for the ladies present, to obtain a few reliable details. Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, who was the central figure of the entertainment is a prominent baritone from New York, who was to have sung at the concert of the Haslam Vocal Society in December but was prevented from doing so by illness. Mr. Powers makes quite a specialty of song recitals, a department of vocal effort that can only be successfully pursued by those having all the requisites for good singing at their command. Original vocal equipment, technical training and expressive power must be present, or the thing falls flat.

These attributes are well represented in Mr. Powers, and his singing is an unalloyed pleasure to his hearers. His voice, as reported to me, is rather basso cantante than baritone, but with an excellently adjusted upper range, of which he does not hesitate to avail himself freely. It is very flexible and sympathetic and readily lends itself to the demonstration of songs requiring expressive power. He sang two Slumber songs with exquisite taste, and made a great hit with Mrs. Blackstock's Thou Art My Queen. Mrs. Gerrit-Smith, also of New York, assisted and sang very pleasingly. Her voice is light and sweet, of a good vibrant timbre. She sings with expression and feeling, and was extremely successful in three little songs, My Love was a Weaver, 'Twas April, and A Shepherd's Song. Donizetti's duet L'Addio was exceedingly well sung by both vocalists. Mr. Blackwood played several violin solos very acceptably. Mrs. Blackstock played Rubinstein's Kammenoi-Ostroi in dashing and effective style, besides performing the arduous duty of playing all the accompaniments. The evening's enjoyment closed with refreshments and dancing.

The Carleton Opera Company has been playing at the Grand Opera House all this week, and has presented Nanon, The Queen's Lace Handkerchief and Claude Duval, a very attractive repertoire. I went to hear them on Monday evening when the first named opera was performed in very good style. I suppose the prevailing theatrical depression is responsible for the wretched orchestral arrangements now offered as accompaniments, the piano being the only accession to the ranks of the local orchestra. The result is sometimes ridiculous, and the more so when the chorus is a full-toned one as is the Carleton one. The chorus is one of the best features of the company, being good looking, graceful and able to sing. The last attribute may seem an odd one when speaking of an opera chorus, but you and I, gentle reader, have heard many opera choruses whose singing was provocative of objurgations loud and deep. In this case the voices are bright and strong, and they sing with delightful go and dash. The soloists are very fair. The Nanon of the company is Miss Marion Langdon, a pleasing little singer and actress, but with hardly enough snap for so pronounced a part. Miss Jeannie Winston, who sang Ninon De L'Enclos, is a good actress and has a strong voice, which pleased the audience very much, but whose quality was not to my liking. Her singing of Handel's well-known Largo was loudly applauded and encored. Mr. W. T. Carleton as the Marquis D'Aubigne acted extremely well and sang excellently. A very bright and effective comedian is Mr. Charles A. Bigelow, whose Marquis de Marillac is a refreshing bit of comedy work. His Impresari-ari-ari-o was very clever. He was ably assisted by Mr. W. H. Fitzgerald as Hector, who rang the changes on the everlasting topical song. Regarding the new opera, Claude Duval, I hope to have a word next week.

The Mozart Quartette, consisting of Mrs. Shilton, soprano; Frau Dunbar Morawetz, contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, and Mr. E. W. Schuch, bass, made its first public appearance on Tuesday evening, at the Parkdale Methodist church, before a large audience, and met with stormy applause for each of its ensemble numbers. I have been told by several friends that the voices blend admirably, and that the shading and pianissimo effects are very artistic and effective.

The boy singer Master Fred Williams of Westminster Abbey choir has come and gone, and sang here to excellent houses. He naturally aroused great interest, as the curious ones were anxious to compare the lad that came from the home of choral song with the product of American talent, fostered under American skies, who as Master Blatchford Kavanagh appeared here last year. The criticisms of the morning papers are somewhat different in tendency, one of them going so far as to say that the lad Williams is not equal to our own Master Gussie Arlidge, a judgment that must be quite flattering to that clever little chap. The other papers were very laudatory in their notices. Equal confusion seemed to reign as to what was sung, two papers giving entirely different programmes with entirely different support as representing what was sung and played on Tuesday evening. Personally I have not been able to hear Master Williams, and, therefore, cannot say what my own opinion is of his talents.

I have, however, made some enquiries of those qualified to judge, and find that the general feeling among organists and choirmasters is one of admiration and satisfaction; that he has a beautiful clear and sweet boy's voice—a real boy's voice—a high range and correctly and cleverly trained; that his intonation is true, and that his singing is most artistic. He differs from Kavanagh in that his delivery is delightfully spontaneous and not so exaggerated as that of the Chicago boy. In fact he is a most creditable example of the highly trained English choir boy. He was supported by Miss E. L. Patrick, the Misses Rowland, Mr. Giuseppi Dinelli, Mr. C. Dimmock, Mr. H. M. Blight and Mr. Fred. Warrington, with Mr. C. A. E. Harriss and Mrs. H. M. Blight as accompanists.

The united city lodges of the A. O. U. W. gave their annual concert on Tuesday evening at the Pavilion, at which an excellent programme was performed before a large audience. Those taking part were Miss Bessie Bonsall, Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. H. L. Clarke, Mr. Alex. Gorrie, Mr. Fred Warrington, Mr. W. E. Ramsay and Mr. James Fax, with Mr. L. A. Blakeley as accompanist.

An excellent Service of Song was held at the Carlton street Methodist church on Sunday evening last, under the direction of Mr. W. Edgar Buck, choirmaster of the church. Several anthems were sung by the choir, with solos by Miss McCallum, Miss Maud Fuller, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. Sims Richards and Mr. Buck.

A society of male voices has been formed in the West End and will be conducted by Mr. Fred Warrington. A very gratifying start has been made, and practices are now held regularly on Saturday evenings in Cecil Hall, with the expectation that the society will soon number one hundred voices.

Miss Harrita L. Cheney, who was not long ago resident in Toronto, is now in New York city studying for opera with gratifying prospects.

Mr. Harry M. Field is doing very nicely in Germany. While he makes his home in Leipzig where he is studying with Martin Krause and receiving pupils himself, he does not neglect concerts, and this month plays in Halle, Magdeburg, Dresden and Bremen.

Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, the popular violinist, will give a concert on April 9, when she will be assisted by Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Irene Gurney, Miss Lillian Littlehales, Miss Katie Archer, Miss Lina Adamson, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The Carleton Opera Company, which has held the Grand Opera House stage all week and has played a very successful engagement, despite counter attractions and political meetings, is noticed critically by Metronome.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's The Man About Town has been this week's attraction. The Man About Town is a farce comedy of a very fair degree of merit. Its absurdities keep the audience in good humor, and the performers of special musical and dancing acts are frequently recalled. Mr. Samuel Reed as Lyon Lamb and Mr. Henri Lynn are exceedingly funny. The rest of the cast is well up to the average.

As I write this column on Wednesday it is impossible for me to notice this week the performance of "Fritz" Emmet at the Academy of Music. I hope, however, that he will be well patronised, for he provides an entertainment at once charmingly interesting and very attractive.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Julia Marlowe will resume her starring tour about March 2 for several weeks.

Mrs. John Drew is re-engaged for the Jefferson Florence company next season.

Franchetti, the composer of Asrael, is in an insane asylum, consequent upon adverse criticisms by the German press.

J. H. Sinclair will produce a play in New York next season that will illustrate the troubles and joys of a country editor.

Florence St. John is suing in London for a divorce from her husband, M. Marius, who is alleged to have enjoyed a good time while that actress was touring this country last season.

Manager Augustus Pitou is actively preparing the new local play, The Power of the Press, for production at the Star Theatre a month hence. Minnie Seligman, Adeline Stanhope, Wilton Lackaye, Charles Dickson and Joseph Holland will be in the cast.

It is said that the dramatic world of London is amusing itself over the extravagance of Mr. Charles Coghlan, as revealed in the Bankruptcy Court—driving a coach and four on a salary of £50 a week to Rutland and Barrington. He was the life and soul of the Savoy Theater also. According to the Bankruptcy Court revelations, he seems to have been receiving only £25 weekly. His misfortunes are due to a brief craze for theatrical management.

Richard Mansfield wrote a letter to the press recently, in which, after deploring the absence of cordial friendship between critics and actors in America, he said: "Perhaps this may be my last season on the stage. I love the art, but the profession is detestable. I think I shall go back to my canvas and brushes. Nobody will be the lower, and I shall be the gainer in peace and happiness, and I may be allowed a friend or two."

In an interview with a *Dramatic Mirror* reporter last week Sara Bernhardt said: "My work is my life. I work harder than people give me credit for. If Providence gifted me with genius, as kind critics say, it took care that I should work hard for it. But then, difficulties contain their own reward. Prizes won easily are not worth having." Speaking of Ibsen's works she expressed the following opinion of stage realism: "Much as I admire his writings I have but little sympathy with the so-called realistic tendency of his plays. I admire reality—*le vrai*—but this so-called realism that would turn our theaters into dissecting rooms is repulsive to me. A play that is only a clinical lecture becomes decidedly monotonous, and it is untrue to the fundamental principles of dramatic art. The realists seems to forget that the mission of the theater is to amuse. There is nothing amusing in taking off the covers of our many social cesspools." She affirmed the probability of her retirement from the stage in five or six years.

To his intimates Edwin Booth is one of the most companionable, delightful and instructive of men—a ready and racy talker, full of apt anecdote and always self-forgetful. To the Detroit *Free Press* Gossip he once said between acts in his dressing room at the Detroit Opera House: "People generally look on me as a recluse and seem to think me an unhappy and grumpy fellow. The fact is, I have long been a sufferer from dyspepsia, but that's a small matter and concerns only myself. It is not true that I seek seclusion, but I'm getting along in years, and while I am always glad—not passively and tolerantly, but pleasurably glad—to have my friends drop in and take pot-luck with me, I cannot spur myself to the performance of conventional social duties. The fact is (and here was observed a semi-humorous twinge) I have exhausted all my topics of conversation and don't know what on earth to say to strangers or formal callers. The consequence is, I sit in my room most of the time reading and smoking—I mean smoking and reading." After that who dares to say that tragedians are never droll?

Rosina Vokes has been laughing over the army of supers that appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York that May night three years ago when Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence, Frank Mayo, and whom else only the careful historian knows, played Hamlet for Lester Wallack's benefit. "Why," said Miss Vokes, "do you know that I never saw Mr. Booth act until that night? All the supers were well-known players. That was my suggestion and I was in the ranks myself. What a lot of supers we were! I wore a new gown that I had had made for Ghastly Manor. Courtenay Thorpe had played Mercutio with Henry Irving, and he used his Mercutio costume. Kate Forsythe came without a costume of her own. The property man showed her the stock of supers' clothes. 'What! Wear one of those horrors?' she said; 'no, indeed! I shall have time to drive home and back.' So she ran home and cut up a new modern gown so that it would be appropriate. She ruined the gown, but who wouldn't sacrifice something for such an occasion? We had animated discussions as to whether we should be stolid, like ordinary supers, or whether we should really act. We feared that if we behaved as spectators of the incidents really would behave, our actions might distract attention from Mr. Booth's own work, in the play and graveyard scenes especially. So we agreed to compromise and to exhibit mildly a respectful consciousness of what was going on. We decided afterwards that we were the worst supers ever brought on the stage, being neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl, nor red herring."

During his recent visit to America Jerome K. Jerome, author of New Lamps and Old, Sunset, and other clever plays, told a good story on himself:

"Several years ago I was doing dramatic critical work for a weekly periodical. One evening I was sent to write up Ellen Terry. As I was going into the theater I met Augustus Harris.

"'Come and have something,' he said.

"So we went around the corner. We remained in the cafe some time, chatting. Then I realized that time was passing and that I was missing the performance.

"'Sorry to leave you,' I said, shaking hands with Mr. Harris. I hurried back to the theater. The first act was over. As I entered Mr. Toole stepped up.

"'Come and have something,' he said.

"So we went around the corner again. When I returned the second act was over. I determined at least to witness the last two acts when I was accosted by Mr. Sims.

"'Come and have something.' Who could resist an appeal like that from one whose conversation is more welcome than two acts of any play? We stayed around the corner a little longer this time and as we were hurrying back, we were joined by Henry Herman. Well, about midnight Mr. Herman and myself adjourned to my apartments. I remember I had a vague feeling of a duty unperformed.

"Several weeks afterwards Mr. Irving stopped me on the street.

"'That was a splendid notice you gave Miss Terry,' he said.

"'I did not write any notice.'

"'Well, an article appeared with your name attached!'

"'You must be mistaken; I did not see the play.'

"'I am not mistaken and the article is yours. It bears the stamp of all your—pardon me—mannerisms.'

"'I have no recollection of writing a line.'

"'We secured a copy of the paper. There was the article and it certainly seemed genuine.

"'My dear Jerome, the critical discernment displayed in that notice is admirable,' said Mr. Irving.

"'I suppose so; it is very flattering to Miss Terry,' was all I could reply.

"To this day I do not know whether I wrote that article or whether it was a practical joke by Mr. Herman. But then he had not seen the play either."

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

The expected debate on the Unrestricted Reciprocity Bill, was not proceeded with last Saturday evening for several reasons. In the first place, most of our speakers are at present on the stump for one party or the other, enlightening the stalwart yeomen of the back townships on the burning questions of the day with all the oracular profoundity and elegant English peculiar to the unsalted student-at-law, gifts which only an election contest can bring forth in all their weird sublimity and singularity of detail. The second reason for dropping the debate was because of a rumor that the result, if a vote were taken, might be used as political capital, and, as was ably urged by Mr. Starr, it is decidedly against the interests of this society, as a society, to soil its skirts in any way with politics. Taking these two facts into consideration it was thought better to drop the discussion, or, as Mr. G. J. Ashworth facetiously suggested, to "dissolve the house in order to appeal to the people."

Mr. Blain brought in his final report on the At Home, which showed the handsome balance of over $300 after deducting all expenses, to be placed to the society's credit. In passing the report the hearty thanks of the society were extended to Mr. Blain, to which that modest youth responded in a neat little speech, which was received with an amount of applause, that left his popularity beyond doubt.

A committee was authorized to make arrangements for Moss Park Rink as an athletic ground for the summer, which will fill a long felt want among our sporting men.

Hat speeches were then indulged in, which consisted in each member present wrestling for three minutes with a subject sprung upon him at a moment's notice. Nothwithstanding that the subjects appeared to be well chosen, most of the speeches were away below par.

The 20th of March was fixed upon as the date for holding the next public debate, which will be the last of the season. LEX.

Varsity Chat.

Prof. Ashley, at the last meeting of the senate, gave notice of a motion to appoint a committee to consider the relation between the department of political science and the degree of LL.B., not LL.D., as the registrar of the senate reported to the city papers. It would be carrying the joke to an extreme to say that the LL.D. degree was to be considered in the matter at all, for it is granted *causa honoris*. Just here it may be stated that according to the relation which the political science course bears to the LL.B. degree, the latter does not amount to much more than an honorary degree. I called attention to the injustice of this system before, but a word of explanation may not even now be amiss. A man who obtains a B.A. degree on the political science course can get the LL.B. degree by passing on one more examination. Any student obtaining a B.A. degree on any other course and wishing to proceed to the LL.B. degree must write on the work prescribed for the political science course before being allowed to do so. A man, for example, who graduates in arts, in modern languages, must afterwards take three years to obtain the degree in law, while a graduate in political science gets the same degree in one year. The result is a scheme of partiality in that some of our best men will not proceed to the LL.B. degree, and a few of them, to show their contempt for such a regulation, have even gone to Trinity for a degree in law. Now that Prof. Ashley has taken the matter into his serious consideration we may look for a commendable settlement of the whole question.

About two years ago the Federal party of the Literary Society announced in their election manifesto that they were in favor of a policy which would tend towards increasing the accommodation placed at the disposal of the students for the purpose of athletics. The opposite party scouted a scheme of partiality as visionary, but the influence of "public works" was felt and the Federal party won the election. The members of the party who advocated that the lawn should be extended, must now feel proud, for the senate has undertaken to carry out what was proposed by them as an election "plank." Such is the influence of public opinion.

What visions the residence men must have had of the "great fire" when one morning, last week, at five o'clock they were aroused by thrilling cries of "fire! fire!" and found that one of the rooms was on fire. Luckily for all parties the flames were soon extinguished without much damage being caused.

According to the decision given at the public debate last week the prevalent belief in the moral, intellectual, and social progress of the human race is confirmed by the judgment of history. F. E. Perrin and W. C. Clarke were the speakers for the affirmative and J. A. McKellar and E. A. Henry for the negative. An essay by T. W. Standing on The Decay of Imagination and a reading by J. W. Graham completed the evening's programme.

The time at which it was customary to hold the annual conversazione has passed. This year, for reasons well known to the public, we will have no "conversat," but we will have to be content and bear our disappointment with good grace.

J. S. Davidson, B. A., and W. G. W. Fortune, B. A., at the public debate last week in Knox College argued that all graduates and ministers coming from other churches should be required to spend one year in the mission field. This proposition was successfully opposed by J. McNair, B. A., and W. H. Johnston, B. A. During the evening W. H. Grant, B. A. read a paper on "The Relation of Classics to Higher Education," and W. Gauld, B. A. read "By Alma after the Battle." The above speakers, essayist and reader are graduates of Old Varsity. DRAX ALEEN.

Agility of the Tongue

Here are some sentences which rival the celebrated Peter Piper's peck of pickled peppers, in testing the agility of the tongue: Gaze on the gay gray brigade. The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us. Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show? Strange strategic statistics. Give Grimes Jim's gilt gigwhip. Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly. She sells sea shells. Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

"Say, aunty, do get a move on you. Run like the horses do."

"Oh, no, Frankie; it wouldn't look well for me to run like that."

"Then you might as well take me home again. This pace is just killing me."—*Life.*

On Divers Strings.

For Saturday Night.

Methinks, old harp of human life,
Your throbbing music rings
Far sweeter when my fingers play
Old strains on divers strings.

There was a time I lov'd to play
In silv'ry major keys,
Before youth's rippling rondos grew
To minor melodies.

And then I learn'd by sorrow taught,
That strings of sombre tone
Could soothe, with deeper sympathy,
A wild heart's plaintive moan.

So down the scale my trembling hand
Seems constantly to fall
To greater depths, e'en when I think
It must have sounded all!

But still, between each thunder roll,
Youth's happy golden gleams
Like lightning flashes flit across
Life's ever-sinking themes.

Ere long, I trust, my hand will strike
Death's dominant and float
Far upward, modulating by
Joy's brilliant leading note;

Until again with rapt'rd hand
I sweep the strings of truth,
To follow with a touch divine
The blessed themes of youth.

ERNEST E. LYON.

Charity.

For Saturday Night.

God bless the man whose generous mind
Knows no mean bounds of race or creed,
Whose heart is warm to all mankind,
He is a Christian man indeed.

No cry of hunger or distress
E'er falls unheeded on his ear;
His loving mission is to bless
With words of comfort and good cheer.

The universal brotherhood
Of man he fully comprehends;
His principles are pure and good;
It takes the world to hold his friends.

The poor can tell you of his love
Which finds expression in good deeds;
His hands in loving kindness move,
Relieving all their pressing needs.

But why his virtues here recount,
They're summed up in that God-like plan,
Found in Christ's sermon on the mount,
A faithful guide to wayward man.

W. D. ANDREWS.

Dear Old London.

When I was broke in London in the fall of '89,
I chanced to spy in Oxford street this tantalizing sign:
"A Splendid Horace Cheap for Cash"; of course I had to look
Upon the vaunted bargain, and it was a noble book!
A finer one I've never seen nor can I hope to see,
The first edition, richly bound, and clean as clean can be;
And, just to think! for three-pounds-ten I might have had that Pine
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

Down at Noseda's in the Strand I found one fateful day,
A portrait that I pined for as only maniac may;
A print of Muse, Vestris, she flourished years ago,
Was Bartolozzi's daughter and a thoroughbred, you know!
A clean and handsome print it was, and cheap at thirty bob,
That's what I told the salesman as I choked a rising sob;
But I hung around Noseda's as it were a holy shrine,
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

At Davey's in Great Russell street were autographs galore,
And Mr. Davey used to let me con that precious store;
Sometimes I read what warriors wrote, sometimes a king's command,
But, oftener still, a poet's verse, writ in a meagre hand;
Lamb, Byron, Addison and Burns, Pope, Johnson, Swift and Scott;
It needed but a paltry sum to comprehend the lot.
Yet, when Friend Davey marked 'em down, what could I but decline?
For I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

Of antique swords and spears I saw a vast and dazzling heap
That Curio Fenton offered me at prices passing cheap;
And, oh! the quaint old bureaus and the warming pans of brass,
And the lovely hideous freaks I found in pewter and in glass!
And, oh! the sideboards, candlesticks, the cracked old china plates,
The clocks and spoons from Amsterdam that antedate all dates;
Of such superb monstrosities I found an endless mine
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

Oh ye that banker after bonos that others idle buy,
The battered things that please the soul though they may vex the eye;
The silver plate and crockery all sanctified with grime,
The oaken stuff that has defied the tooth of envious time,
The musty tomes, the speckled prints, the mildewed bills of plays,
And other costly relics of malodorous decays,
Ye only can appreciate what agony was mine
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89.

When, in the course of natural things, I go to my reward,
Let no imposing epitaph my martyrdoms record;
Neither in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, nor any classic tongue,
Let my ten thousand triumphs over human griefs be sung;
But in plain Anglo-Saxon, that he may know who seeks
What agonizing pangs I've had while on the hunt for freaks;
Let there be writ upon the slab that marks my grave this line:
"Deceased was broke in London in the fall of '89!"

EUGENE FIELD.

The "Beauty Spot."

In good Queen Anne's age, wise and witty,
When ruled the Muses and the Graces,
The ladies deemed it sweetly pretty
To wear black patches on their faces.

'Tis such a patch that I am spying
Upon the dimpled chin of Alice,
As if a drop of ink were lying
Within a lily's snowy chalice.

Beshrew the thought that comes a'stealing
Hinting that there's an imperfection
Which that black segment in concealing
In her most beautiful complexion.

I've thought anon when I've reflected
Its being there is accidental;
It has no use that I've detected,
Nor do I think it ornamental.

Then why is it the chin adorning?
And what—if aught—does it betoken?
It must be Alice is in mourning
For all the hearts that she has broken.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Noted People.

Dom Pedro is translating The Thousand and One Nights from Arabic into Portuguese, and his work is nearly ready for the press.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, who is now living abroad, has just put the finishing touches to a romance written in collaboration with Rosa Broughton.

The wife of Lucien Bonaparte, the Princess Marianne, who is separated from her husband, lives in Ajaccio, and is the only member of the Bonaparte family now living in Corsica.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, who has recently returned to this country from Japan, has established himself in New York for the present, and is devoting himself to literary work.

The rumor comes that Mrs. John B. Gough has had a paralytic stroke. As the Gough estate is to be sold soon, Mrs. Gough will be obliged to quit her pretty home, Hillside, near Worcester.

Miss Bjornson, daughter of the well-known Norwegian novelist, is a pretty and accomplished young lady, and is the possessor of a remarkably fine voice. She intends to go on the stage, but, in mercy to the public, will choose a more musical name than her own for stage use.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor intends shortly to enter the lecture field in order to secure a portion, at least, of the $25 000 which she wishes to use for a memorial of her talented husband. This memorial is to take the form of an observatory with a fine telescope on Mission Heights, San Diego, California.

Dr. James S. Kelly, a New York physician who has been in Berlin studying Dr. Koch's treatment, has returned home a convert to the system, but strong in the belief that the lymph is dangerous in inexperienced hands. He says: "I consider that the lymph, to the medical world, is what dynamite is to the engineer."

Nellie Farjeon, the nine-year-old daughter of the English novelist and his American wife, who was a daughter of the actor, Joe Jefferson, is said to show remarkable ability as a composer of music. It is not an uncommon thing for the little girl to sit down at the piano and improvise a song, both words and music. Her father is editing a book of her compositions.

Cyrus W. Field, Jay Gould, and a half dozen other millionaires who live at Irvington, are engaged in a war against a new schoolhouse. These gentlemen live in what they themselves term the richest school district in the United States, and they oppose the erection of a building that will cost over $5,000, inasmuch as there is already one $50,000 house in the district.

Mrs. May French Sheldon, a London woman, is soon to make a three-month exploring tour in Africa for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the legends and folk-lore of the people, and on her return she will publish them in book form. Her objective point is Mt. Kilima-Njaro, three hundred miles inland, which has never been visited by a white person.

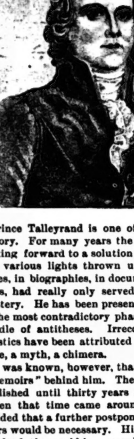
Sam Jones says of his late unpleasantness in Texas: "I am sorry of the occurrence. I don't like to have a fellow set in on me with a cane without a moment's notice. I shall continue to denounce the wrong and stand up to the right anywhere and everywhere, and when they think to cane me is the best way out, I will give them the best I've got in my shop every time. Yours, out of the ring and free of disfigures."

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, who is constantly gaining prominence as an able legal advisor and mediator, accomplished quite a remarkable feat the other day. She accepted a contract to translate Sardou's last play, Thermidor, and deliver it type-written in English, inside of eight days. Those who know the difficulties of such a task will appreciate the wit and pluck of the woman, who kept her word, laying the manuscript complete on the manager's desk twenty-five minutes inside of her time limit.

The professional career of Miss Florence Marryat is, for superabundant energy and talent, one of the most phenomenal known in the history of woman's achievements. The youngest of Capt. Marryat's eleven children, she began writing at a very early age, and up to date has published fifty-seven complete novels, more than one hundred short stories, an enormous quantity of journalistic work, besides unnumbered essays, poems, recitations and plays. For fifteen years she has been a successful actress, and has had as many as nine of her dramas on the provincial stage of England at one time. Miss Marryat has been twice married, is the mother of eight children, has made and lost a superb fortune, and today, with undimmed energy, is producing fiction as fast as her publishers can put it on the market. Not content with work that would crowd to suffocation the lives of five ordinary women, Miss Marryat has taken to raising dogs, owns large, valuable kennels, and every year sells numbers of high-priced puppies.

Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, who died at his residence in New York last Saturday, was the last of the great leaders of the civil war, and the last American to bear the title of General. He was born in 1820 and was a soldier by birth and education. He served in the United States Army from the time he reached the minimum age for admission to West Point until the maximum limit of age brought his retirement from the highest military office in the nation. His famous "march to the sea" though celebrated in song and story, is not considered of as much importance as his work immediately before and after it. In attempting it, however, he incurred a great responsibility for, as he wrote himself, "success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this march would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool." Gen. Sherman was fond of the social life of New York, and was a frequent first-nighter at the theater. His dress was plain, and he generally wore a soft slouch military hat. His beard was grizzled, his step quick and firm and though in ordinary conversation his manner was somewhat brusque, he could be geniality itself whenever he desired. This has been a disastrous winter for the great men of the republic. Hard upon each other came the deaths of the venerable George Bancroft, Secretary of the Treasury Windom, Admiral David D. Porter and General Sherman.

Prince Talleyrand.



Prince Talleyrand is one of the enigmas of history. For many years the world has been looking forward to a solution of that enigma. The various lights thrown upon him in histories, in biographies, in documents of various sorts, had rather only served to deepen the mystery. He has been presented to the world in the most contradictory phases. He seems a bundle of antitheses. Irreconcilable characteristics have been attributed to him. He is a fable, a myth, a chimera.

It was known, however, that he had left his "Memoirs" behind him. They were not to be published until thirty years after his death. When that time came around, his executors decided that a further postponement of twenty years would be necessary. Historical students—indeed, the world in general—are on the tiptoe of excitement now that the additional twenty years have rounded themselves out. The postponements in publication could be interpreted in only one way. Talleyrand had made some startling revelations. He had not spared the feelings of any one. He had implicated people high in official station. He had been frank and outspoken.

All this boded well. It indicated that there was a lot of interesting reading in the memoirs—scandal, gossip, what not? But, above all, it promised some solution of that arch-mystery—the autobiographer himself.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord came from one of the oldest families in France, whose armorial bearings and arrogant device—*Re que Diou*, "No king but God"—were those of the old sovereign counts of Perigord. He was born in Paris in February, 1754. The eldest of three sons, he seemed to have a splendid career before him. His parents were not wealthy, but they held a position at court which could secure for themselves and their children the highest offices.

But at four years of age all these fair prospects seemed to be hopelessly ruined.

The child fell and dislocated his foot. He was then living, as he himself tells us, "cheerlessly in an outlying district of Paris." Paternal care had not yet come into fashion. "Parents considered they had done enough for their progeny by opening a career for them, and securing for them advantageous posts, by marrying them and increasing their allowance."

The woman to whose care he had been intrusted made no report of the accident until it was too late. Then he was lamed for life. All the arts of all the surgeons could not save him. Now, a Talleyrand-Perigord who was lame was only fit for the service of God. He must enter the religious life. If, as in this case, he were the eldest of the family, he sacrificed his birthright. Talleyrand was still a mere child when, on his father's death, it was announced to him that his younger brother would henceforth be the head of the house, and that he must study for the priesthood.

"Why so?" asked the boy.

"Because you are a cripple," was the cruel answer.

The words seared and burned themselves into his memory. He never forgot them; he never forgave them. But he saw no way of escaping his destiny. He murmured, he wept, he could not be reconciled to it. Finally, "after a year's sojourn at Rheims, seeing I could not possibly avoid my fate, I wearily gave way to it, and allowed myself to be led to St. Sulpice." He completed his studies at the Sorbonne. He made no secret of his dislike for the profession into which he had been thrust, and demonstrated his unfitness for it by spending his days in the study of Voltaire, and his nights in gambling and debauchery.

He was made Abbe de Perigord. He was supplied with ample means for the gratification of his dissolute tastes. He was a general favorite, especially with women. His profane epigrams were repeated in every drawing-room; his scandalous adventures were in every one's mouth. He was handsome and witty. His boyish countenance and slightness of figure gave little indication of the iron constitution which enabled him to spend night after night at the gambling-table, or in a round of suppers and wild orgies with dissolute companions of both sexes, and to appear in the morning, after a bath and an hour's sleep, without a trace of weariness or exhausted vigor.

He was an avowed disciple of Voltaire. In 1775 his dearest wish was gratified. He met his master face to face. That was the date of the aged philosopher's last visit to Paris, when he was received with a frenzy of popular devotion. At a brilliant reunion the Abbe de Perigord was introduced to the arch-infidel, who, with much solemnity, pronounced a formal benediction over the kneeling priest.

Louis XV. was now dead. Though he and his mistress had held that a licentious wit qualified a clerical gentleman to rise in his profession, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were somewhat more scrupulous. Still, even under their *regime* a Perigord was a Perigord. In 1780 the gay Abbe was appointed agent-general of the French clergy, a lucrative post that placed in his hands the entire administration of the ecclesiastical revenues. He fulfilled the duties with great ability, and was enabled to cultivate a taste for stock jobbing that materially increased his private revenues. He is said to have turned to account his knowledge of government secrets to carry out his financial speculations.

In 1788 the rich bishopric of Autun became vacant. M. l'Abbe had long had his eyes fixed upon it, had long intrigued for it. He was backed up by powerful influence. The king hesitated for a moment, and then yielded. The Abbe de Perigord became the Bishop of Autun.

A contemporary thus epigrammatically describes the newly made bishop: "He dresses like a coxcomb, thinks like a deist, and preaches like a saint."

Though a priest and an aristocrat he had no sympathy for either the clergy or the aristocracy. Like Mirabeau, his own order had rejected him; from them he had nothing to hope. He cared little for distinction in the church save as it afforded his worldly ambitions. Republicanism was in the air; a new order of things might be of incalculable advantage to him. He was studiously haughty to the great and suave to the humble. He cultivated the friendship of Mirabeau; he was a *habitue* of the *salon* of Madame de Stael, where philosophers and revolutionists discussed their theories. Elected deputy of the clergy in the States General, he at once adopted the popular side. Through his unwaried influence a majority of the clergy joined the *tiers etat*. But his crowning act was to carry the motion for the secularization of ecclesiastical property to the use of the nation. Day by day his popularity increased. In February, 1790, he was named President of the Assembly, a post which even Mirabeau could not attain until a year later.

And yet he had no real sympathy with the progress of political ideas. He only saw that progress was in the air. He consulted his own interests. He was not an extremist, for only a patriot can afford to be an extremist. He combined the principles of constitutional monarchy and rational freedom. With all his acumen he could not foresee the terrible avalanche that was to sweep away all vestige of the *ancien regime*.

But the Bishop of Autun was beginning to be looked on with distrust as the Revolution. When, in 1791, he gave in his adherence to the act called "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," which did away with all papal authority in the appointment to bishoprics, he was formally excommunicated. The purple had already become galling to him. He was glad of the opportunity to cast it off forever. He formally seceded from the Church. Henceforth he was no longer the Bishop of Autun. He was plain M. de Talleyrand.

His last appearance in a clerical *role* had been characteristic enough. It was at the *fete* of the general election of the Commune of France, when, arrayed in pontifical vestments and girded with a tricolored scarf, he celebrated high mass on the *autel de la Patrie*, erected for the occasion in the Champs de Mars. He had no long face, no cant, no sign him laugh at the most solemn parts of the service. Around him the populace jeered and danced and sang. While the unfortunate Louis XVI. ascended the altar steps, and meekly swore fealty to the revolutionary constitution, the public excitement ran to fever heat. Then, the farce being over, the constitutional bishop limped down from the altar with a sardonic grin upon his expressive features.

Poor Louis XVI! He was already doomed. On April 2, 1791, the only man who could have saved him and his family from the approaching storm, the mighty Mirabeau, was carried off by a sudden sickness. It was whispered that Talleyrand had poisoned him. The two former friends had, indeed, become bitter enemies. But there was no evidence for the frightful charge.

The flight of the royal family followed soon after. They were captured, however, before they had reached the frontier, and brought back to Paris. Meanwhile, Talleyrand had been sent on a diplomatic mission to London. He was to conclude an alliance between France and England. But while the negotiations were pending, news came that Louis XVI. had been deposed. Mr. de Talleyrand's mission was at an end.

He had not been very favorably received. The queen had turned her back on him when presented at St. James'.

"She did right," said Talleyrand, afterward. "Her majesty is very ugly."

On his return he found France on the verge of the Reign of Terror. He experienced the usual fate of the trimmer in politics. All parties looked upon him with distrust. He was not radical enough for the revolutionists; he was too radical for the court. He deemed it safer to withdraw for a period from the country.

A few years were spent in London, until, in 1794, he was expelled as a Jacobin. Then he sailed for America, where George Washington refused to receive him, but where he made the acquaintance of Hamilton and other notabilities.

Meanwhile Madame de Stael, by whom he was still "fort aime," was moving heaven and earth to obtain his recall. Robespierre was dead; the Reign of Terror had passed. Yielding to the entreaties of Corinne, Joseph Marie Chenier, who hated and distrusted Talleyrand, procured for him a safe conduct. He was declared to have "powerfully supported the Revolution by his noble conduct, both as citizen and ecclesiastic." But he was coldly welcomed when he first reappeared in Paris.

The coldness soon wore off. He was a master of *finesse*, of suavity, of diplomatic tact. His ecclesiastical training, joined to his naturally acute intellect, had given him a thorough insight into men and their motives. He was now forty-two, at the very maturity of his powers. He had lost none of his youthful fire. He still exercised his wonted fascination over women. And in France more than in any other country—in France, where the Salic law is a dead letter and disregarded—women have always ruled the state.

"Monsieur de Talleyrand," says a contemporary of his, a lady who was his intimate friend, "avait plaire et il plaisait." And one of the secrets of his pleasing was that he made women believe they pleased him.

Nevertheless, his beauty, in spite of all appearances, had remained untouched. He had resisted the refined beauty of Madame Tallien, the coquetry of Madame de Recamier, the wit and eloquence of Madame de Stael. He was now to fall an easy victim to the pretty face of a Grandt.

That fool was one Madame Grandt. Her past is involved in mystery. Beyond the fact that her maiden name was Bayon, she has had passed much of her life in India, the mystery has never been revealed. She was very beautiful, with a child-like grace that was described as especially winning. But she had no education and no intelligence.

When Madame Grandt came to live with him, and dispense the honors of his *menage*, the ladies of his acquaintance were more annoyed than shocked. "How could he find any solace in the conversation of such silly little chit?" asked the intellectual beauties who had laid siege to the clerical wit.

Madame de Stael was the most deeply grieved of all. She had her own reproaches; she declared that she pitied him. She lectured him in her grand declamatory style. On one occasion she concluded a long tirade by asking:

"So you don't love me any longer?"

"But, indeed, madame, I never could cease to love you."

"You never could cease to love me! Then tell me: If Madame Grandt and myself were to fall into the water, which one would you save?"

"I think you know how to swim, madame," was the ingenious reply.

And so he quietly met all her reproaches with unruffled front. Once, however, he was heard to exclaim:

"Oh, if she would only make up her mind to detest me!"

She didn't make up her mind to that, however. Nor did he desire that she should. No one more than he recognized the value of her influence. Her *salon* was the meeting-ground of the magnates of the Directory. Over Barras, especially, she had great influence, and it was to Barras that Talleyrand had attached himself. The old lovers remained fast friends. When, in July, 1797, the office of Foreign Minister became vacant, it was partly through the pressure brought to bear by Madame de Stael that the portfolio was tendered to Talleyrand.

Shortly afterward followed the *coup d'etat* of September 4, 1797. Barras became the head of the government. Was it Talleyrand, or Bonaparte, or Madame de Stael who originated the scheme? Bonaparte afterward said of Madame de Stael: "She was always conspiring in concert with her lovers; and Talleyrand, in concert with fortune."

Talleyrand had not yet met Bonaparte personally. But the latter had corresponded with him from Italy. Talleyrand had kept a watchful eye upon the young general's career. He had already divined in him the coming man.

When General Kleber declared publicly that a "military government was the only one suitable to France," Talleyrand had smiled and said nothing. A significant smile, a significant silence.

Indeed, the silence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs was even more significant than his speech. Nobody more effectually carried out his practice the wisdom of the *bon-mot* which is currently ascribed to him, but which, if he ever said it, had been borrowed from Voltaire, from Goldsmith, from Heaven knows how many great writers of the past: "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts."

In his apartments in the Rue d'Anjou he had gathered around him the flower of the old aristocracy, the wits of the *jeunesse doree*. He would sit in his rich velvet *fauteuil*, calm and silent, his eyes half closed, suggestive of a smile on his face. It was sometimes difficult to tell whether he were listening to the brilliant shower of *bon-mots* or whether he were taking a quiet nap. But occasionally he would shift his position and, with a mischievous glance at the company, he would shoot out a *bon mot*, a concentrated epigram, as it were, in the whole conversation. Even in diplomatic conference he said little. His colleagues guessed his opinions, rather than learned them from his words. He would never argue. He would listen patiently, even deferentially, and then sum up the question at issue in an epigram. In France happy *mot* is more powerful than laws, or the songs of the people, which are proverbially held to be superior to laws.

All France was now eagerly looking forward to the return of Bonaparte from Italy. He came at last. Talleyrand presented his Barras in an unusually lengthy speech, hailing him as "l'homme des siecles." Bonaparte answered in a few telling sentences. Barras made a dull and prosy address. He wound up by bidding the young general "take command of the army against England, and by the conquest of that country crown an illustrious life."

But Talleyrand knew that the young hero's thoughts pointed elsewhere. He suggested the expedition to Egypt.

"It is the dream of my life," was the enthusiastic reply.

Bonaparte set out, and returned crowned with new laurels. He returned to find that the Directory had fallen into contempt. Talleyrand himself had resigned. Within three weeks after Bonaparte had reached the *coup d'etat* of the 18th Brumaire was successfully effected. The Directory was abolished. The Consular Government was established in its place. Bonaparte was elected First Consul. Talleyrand again became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and managed in that capacity to accumulate a large fortune. He was enabled to live in princely style. Bonaparte was slightly nettled by the magnificence of the rival court, and once asked his minister how he had managed to pile up so colossal a fortune.

"Sire," returned the wily diplomat, "I bought stocks the day before the 18th Brumaire and sold them the day after."

Bonaparte was pacified by the sly compliment conveyed in this apt and ready answer.

With the signing of the Peace of Amiens in May, 1802, and the proclamation of the Concordat, Talleyrand was relieved from the ban of the Church. He was now able to obtain an autograph letter containing a dispensation to marry.

This was what Bonaparte desired. In 1804 he became emperor. He wished to reform the morals of the society around him. He had urged marriage on all his officers; he now urged it on Talleyrand. A few days later the Count de Narbonne announced that he had just witnessed the marriage of Talleyrand.

"And to whom?"

"To Madame Grandt."

It was a blow to Bonaparte, who had hoped to welcome to his court a *grande dame*. Madame Grandt was worse than a nobody. He would only receive her on one condition—that her first appearance at court should be her last. She accepted herself with singular credit. When Bonaparte, standing by the Empress Josephine, said severely to her: "I trust that the company of Madame Grandt may be repeated by Madame Talleyrand," she replied, smartly enough: "Sire, I shall endeavor in all things to imitate the conduct of her majesty the Empress."

Doubtless she had been coached by Talleyrand. For, though every one conceded that she was the prettiest *bete* ever seen, everybody agreed that she was *bien bete*. Talleyrand himself used to laugh heartily at her *betises*. But he consoled himself with the reflection that a clever wife may compromise her husband, but a stupid wife compromises only herself."

A gradual coolness grew up between the emperor and his minister. The cause of the rift was ever for war, as the latter's for peace. Napoleon, indeed, when at Elba declared that the two worst things that had the misfortune to be done at Enghien and the scheme of the Spanish invasion, were counselled by Talleyrand. But Napoleon's word can hardly be accepted. And it is well known that in the terrible scene when Napoleon came to an open quarrel with his minister and hurled insults and reproaches at him, he made no reference to these shameful deeds. It is not likely he would have forgotten them in that hour of bitter anger.

Talleyrand's behavior was characteristic. He listened calmly to what his royal master had to say. He interjected a few quiet but caustic remarks during a temporary lull in the storm. But he left Napoleon's presence he was heard to say, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"What a pity that so great a man has been so badly brought up!"

On reaching home he sent in his resignation. He had been created Prince de Benevento. He retired to his estate. This he felt was not very good. The temporary retirement was really a blessing to him. But he still kept up his interest in affairs. Napoleon occasionally came to him, and placed him in charge of important negotiations.

"Sire, it is the beginning of the end!" were Talleyrand's ominous words when Napoleon came to him after the retreat from Moscow. The *mot* was an audacious one; nevertheless, it was true. The astute diplomatic veteran saw only too surely that Napoleon's star was on the wane.

Disasters followed fast on each other's heels, culminating with the crushing defeat at Leipsic and the banishment of Napoleon to Elba.

"Now what shall I do?" said Talleyrand to Savary. "It does not suit every one to be crushed under the ruins of an edifice that is overthrown."

He had no intention of being crushed. Indeed, he had already entered into secret negotiations with the Allies while they were marching upon Paris. He did not like the Bourbons. He truly said that, in their exile, "they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Nevertheless, when his opinion was asked by the Emperor Alexander, he replied:

"It must be either Bonaparte or Louis XVIII."

So a proclamation was issued refusing to treat with any member of the Bonaparte family, and Louis XVIII. was crowned King of France. Talleyrand was created Grand Aumoner and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Louis XVIII. did not like him, but feared him.

"How did you manage to overthrow the Directory, and then Bonaparte himself?" asked Louis once.

"*Mon Dieu, Sire!* I did nothing for it. There is something inexplicable in me that brings misfortune to all who neglect me."

Then came the news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba. Talleyrand discovered that his liver was out of order, and obtained permission to go to Carlsbad. "The first duty of a diplomat," he said, "is to take care of his liver."

It may have been the waters of Carlsbad, it may have been the news of the battle of Waterloo—at all events, the liver was shortly in excellent condition. Some alarming symptoms, indeed, broke out when Louis XVIII. looked coldly upon him, but, from the moment he was reappointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, all went well. He retained the premiership of France until September 24, 1815, and then, of his own motion, resigned it. He knew the weakness of the government. He foresaw a Royalist reaction. He preferred to avoid the storm.

The revolution did not come till 1830. When Charles X. was driven from the throne, the aged intriguer emerged from obscurity. He secretly invited the Duc d'Orleans to Paris. He was instrumental in having him crowned as Louis Philippe, and thus, for the fourth time, he changed the dynasty of France. For the fourth time he proved there was something inexplicable in him that brought misfortune upon all who neglected him.

He was sent to England as ambassador, and secured the recognition of the new sovereign. When the Quadruple Alliance was signed he returned to France and to private life. He was now old and feeble. The end was not far off. On May 17, 1838, he died, aged eighty-four.

—*The Illustrated American.*

Art and Artists.

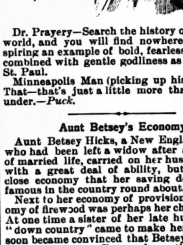
Mrs. M. E. Digman last Saturday and Monday afforded her friends a private view of some of the pictures she has finished for the Spring exhibitions. Mrs. Digman has been long known as a skilful painter of flower pieces. She is now aspiring to more ambitious work in landscape with figures. Those who saw her first attempts in this line cannot fail to notice the advancement shown in her work of the past year when it is placed on exhibition.

"One of the latest things in campaign literature," says St. John N. B. *Progress*, "is a lithographed reproduction of Reid's famous picture, Mortgaging the Homestead." Mr. Reid probably little dreamed when evolving this picture that it would be utilized as capital by a political party. But Mr. J. W. Bengough has long since shown us the effectiveness of art in politics.

Mr. Bernard McEvoy of the *Mail* delivered a lecture on The Art Critic at Work, in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists, last evening. I cannot say more about it this week.

A number of the gentlemen of the Art Students' League were entertained by Mr. William Bengough on Saturday evening last. VAN.

Offensive Partizanship.



Dr. Prayery—Search the history of the whole world, and you will find nowhere else so inspiring an example of bold, fearless enterprise combined with gentle godliness as you find in St. Paul.

Minneapolis Man (picking up his his hat).—That—that's just a little more than I can sit under.—*Puck.*

Aunt Betsey's Economy.

Aunt Betsey Hicks, a New England woman who had been left a widow after a few years of married life, carried on her husband's farm with a great deal of ability, but with such close economy that her saving devices grew famous in the country round about.

Next to her economy of provisions, her economy of firewood was perhaps her chief concern. At one time a visit of her lazy husband from "down country" came to make her a visit and soon became convinced that Betsey was trying to freeze her out. But perhaps this was not so, as the temperature was as Mrs. Hicks usually kept it.

"I declare," the visitor ventured to exclaim, "I should think you kept it pretty cold here, Betsey!"

"That 'ere pesky thermometer's to blame Susan," said Betsey. "I guess it's got choked up. I can't get it to leave off to save my life."

Then she turned over the stick of wood in the sheet-iron stove, while her guest walked up and down the room with her hands thrust up the sleeves of her dress.

The visitor remained at Aunt Betsey's for several days, however, in spite of her shivering, spending much of her time in bed or watching a chance to smuggle a stick into the stove when her hostess was out of the room.

Late one afternoon she happened to go out into the woodshed and found Aunt Betsey there with an old shawl wrapped around her shoulders and a stick in her hand, engaged in violently stirring something in a large tin can. A strong smell of petroleum filled the air.

"Betsey Hicks," said the visitor, "what be you a doin'?"

"Wal, if you want to know," said Aunt Betsey, "I'm a doin' what I'd do if I couldn't stir a leetle mite o' water int' the karosene. I reckoned it'd go a leetle fu'ther, 'th so much comp'ny in the house as I seem to have!"

Her guest went away early the next morning on the stage coach.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Kind Word.

Do we ever need a reminder, in our hurried lives, of the grace that lies in the kindly spoken word? It may be as we pass a friend in a crowded shop, or nod to her as we hasten by her door on our morning walk to the market or the ferry, that we utter the gentle greeting, leave behind us the flash of the happy smile, and brighten a day that was perhaps overcast.

Kindness costs little. Why should we not be lavish of it in a world where nobody stands alone, but where rich and poor, sad and glad, lofty and lowly, are bound in one bundle?—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN SAFETY.

"Oh, Cedric! Cedric! my dear boy! How thankful I am to see you again!

"Patricia! It is like a dream. Corona how can we thank her enough! Are you really going to take care of my darling for me, till I can claim her as my very own?

"Darling! and you will both find out that you have only changed jailors for a while, not really escaped captivity!" said Patricia with her bright smile. "Till we can get up our case in proper style, Cedric is liable to instant arrest and the runaway wards to be caught and carried back to their guardian's house.

Maidie looked half frightened at the jest, but Corona's face was full of light and sweet confidence. She was not certain that it might not be all a dream, but if so it was much too sweet not to be enjoyed to the full.

But even at this moment, when Cedric was welcomed back as from the dead, Patricia's eyes sought another figure in the back-ground.

"Mervyn, you look tired to death. You're as white as a ghost. Do come and sit down. You were not half fit for it."

And indeed the viscount seemed so fearfully exhausted that all looked anxiously at him.

"Don't mind me, thanks," he said, as he subsided into a chair. "It's merely that the effect of keeping that old reproaches in subjection was rather fatiguing. I always told you the power of doing it was a two-edged tool. Thank you, Patricia. Yes, I think I will stay here for the present. Keith, you can go on to the house and break ground with the governor."

"What shall I do?" asked Cedric, who, like Corona, found it hard to believe it was not all a dream.

"You stay here for the present," said Patricia. "You and Corona shall have the library to yourselves, and enjoy for once a rational conversation. Jocelyn, will you get him some decent garment conveyed here? You can bring them yourself if you like. And when we hear what view of the evidence laid before him Lord Doversfield takes, we shall know how to act about sending him there."

"No doubt about my father now, or any other sane person," said Keith. "I have got my case as complete as heart can wish. I know I was born to be a lawyer—I've missed my vocation—I know I have."

"I owe you a great deal," said Cedric, with warm gratitude.

Keith shrugged his shoulders.

"Spare your thanks, my good fellow, I assure you I worked for my own private ends."

"What does he mean?" asked Cedric, as Keith and Jock disappeared together; and Patricia laid her finger on her lips with an arch look.

"Have you never guessed, most matter-of-fact young man? Ah, well, they say brothers never do appreciate their sisters; but Keith is not blind."

"Marjorie!" exclaimed Cedric, his eyes lighting. "I never thought of that—but it never will be sanctioned at either house."

"That remains to be proved. You do not know how this distance and mystery and fear and suspense have told upon the heads of both houses. Your father, Cedric, has been in excitement ever since your disappearance, and if he finds that Keith has been mainly instrumental in clearing his name of the stain of suspicion as it is must cling to it, he will think the gift of Marjorie's hand but small reward."

"But Lord Doversfield—"

"You can leave Lord Doversfield to me," came the low-toned reply in Mervyn's laziest tone. "Train up a father in the way he should go—you know the rest."

Cedric's old boyish laugh rang out again. It was so good to hear that cool, negligent voice once more; to feel that he had found his friend and brother again!

He was pretty well tired out himself by that time, though upheld by the excitement and happiness, for he was really anxious about Mervyn. How strange it seemed to be sitting in Patricia's familiar drawing-room, with the viscount half-asleep in the chair opposite—Corona sitting beside him, and Maidie curled up on the floor with her sunny head in Patricia's lap.

For once the lovers did not crave solitude—they had had rather too much of that luxury in the Panelled House. To feel the presence of friends around them, in the warm atmosphere of a sheltered home, to see familiar faces and hear the sound of other voices was luxury too great to be forgone, and Cedric told his tale to a breathless audience, hardly realizing till the peril was past how great it had been, nor how narrowly he had escaped a most horrible fate.

"The man is a fiend!" cried Patricia, in a sort of shrinking horror. "I would not have believed it if I had not heard it from your own lips."

"A man who can keep his own dead wife embalmed in a glass case in his library is capable of most things," said Lord Mervyn, calmly, and in answer to horrified questions from the rest he told of the ghastly discovery he had made on a previous visit to the Panelled House.

"No wonder I always said it was haunted," said Maidie, shuddering. "Oh, Corona, how we really lived there nearly a year! Oh, Miss Richmond! you will not let him get us back! He is so clever, and so cunning, and so wicked!" and the child lowered her voice, and looked timidly round at the dark corners.

"No, little one; you may make your mind quite easy. You will never go back there again; that shall soon be settled for you. Corona will not need a guardian much longer, and we will all take care of you, you bravest, timidest child! Now come upstairs with me and see if you like my arrangements for you as well as Mr. Vansittart's. You have heard enough of horrors for one night, Mervyn. If you have any more of these refreshing details to regale us with be good enough to let Cedric have the benefit of them. These girls have gone through quite sufficient already.

"I beg your pardon," said Mervyn languidly. "I did not mean to be unpleasant."

Patricia led the sisters away to the cosy quarters prepared for them. Mervyn and Cedric were left alone together.

"I don't know how to thank you," said the latter, after a long interval of silence.

"That's a comfort, at least; but indeed Keith has done the most. I feel very quite lately that I've had any sense in my head."

"You look awfully ill still, Mervyn. You must have been pretty ill."

"It was touch and go for a bit. However, that's a thing of the past now. I suppose you had something of a squeak, too?"

"I don't suppose it would have been much if I'd been in any hands but Vansittart's. Thanks to my constitution and Corona, I got well in spite of him." Cedric looked at Mervyn, hesitated, and, after a pause, spoke out:

"There's just one thing troubling me still."

"And that is—"

"Well, it isn't easy to say it, but it's just this. If I were quietly out of the way and the field clear—well—you know what I mean, perhaps—wouldn't you perhaps be able to think differently of the future—and Corona? There; it's out now."

Mervyn sat quite still, with half-closed eyes; the firelight played over his face.

"Vansittart showed you a letter of mine, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"And you hadn't the wit to see the trap?"

"I did think of that. But you know, Mervyn, people have been saying—I suppose I was blind not to see it—and you were always so good to me. But I know what Corona is, being what you are; and I cannot help feeling that if things were different—a fellow can't say such things in cold blood—but if I thought I were spoiling your life—," and Cedric fairly broke down, not knowing how to conclude his sentence.

Mervyn looked at him with a quiet smile.

"My dear boy: you are talking the most arrant nonsense; but I suppose you must be pardoned under the circumstances. Put up as Vansittart's guest, hearing nothing but the pleasant fabrications he likes to gull his dupes with. You will come to hear fairly and honestly. What more can you wish?"

"I wish I knew that you were not suffering by my happiness."

"If that is all you can make your mind easy at once, Cedric, Cedric, what a foolish lovesick swain you are, thinking that all the world is running after your shepherdess. Can't you see that I have other views in my head?"

Cedric started, and looked up eagerly.

"Other views—Mervyn, tell me!"

The viscount's face wore a look which his companion knew well. It was always assumed as a disguise when his deeper feelings were stirred.

"My dear fellow, you seem almost to have forgotten the usages of civilized society, presuming for private information in this shameless way. But there are allowances to be made for you. Keep my counsel, Cedric, if I tell you: but I suppose nothing else will really ease your mind. If I get my health back again——"

"Surely that is not an 'if!'"

"Well, when I get my health back again, to be more accurate, and am something rather better than a superannuated rat, there is one woman in the world, and only one, to whom I should have some satisfaction in offering my unworthy self. That woman is not your Corona."

A new light flashed in upon Cedric.

"Patricia!" he said eagerly.

Mervyn's face was calm and expressionless.

"I have always had a great regard for Patricia," he said slowly. "I rather think I owe her my life. I know I owe her more than I shall ever be able to repay."

His voice was not quite under the control that his face was. Cedric heard in it the quiver of genuine feeling. A load seemed lifted off his heart, and Mervyn loved Patricia! He was certain of it. The only fear he had left to mar his happiness fled on that instant, never to return.

He rose and held out his hand, which Mervyn took in a warm clasp.

"I wish you joy, old fellow."

"Thanks."

The arrival of Jock with clothes for Cedric served as an interruption of the conference, and it was long before a comfort to the ex-prisoner to feel himself in his wonted trim once more. He really looked wonderfully little changed all things considered, and it was difficult to believe that the past weeks were not all a hideous dream.

In the evening down came Lord Doversfield and Keith. The latter was in a state of excitement though subdued excitement, perfectly abstract at the depth of villainy unmasked by the plot, now that it was unravelled and his brother's full clear Cedric from the charges so cruelly brought against him. When he knew that the young man had suffered all this as the result of his effort to save Mervyn from the gaze of ill-disposed men, his whole soul was stirred; and as he and Keith walked down to Patricia's, he vowed that if "old Musgrave" were of the same mind as himself, he would shake hands with him in public on the morrow for his son's sake, and be glad to do it!

His meeting with Cedric was warm to the verge of affectionateness. He could not say enough in praise of him, and was quite ashamed at ever having suspected him in his heart.

But he had come on business, and there were oppositions to take, and evidence to be weighed, and the sisters were examined for their testimonies, and their story awoke as much indignation as Cedric's own had done.

"And you let him escape! You did not take him into custody on the spot! Mervyn, I gave you credit for more sense," pursued the earl. "He is as cunning as a fox. He will never be taken alive now. What were you all thinking of!"

"We had no right to apprehend him. No one could do so without a warrant."

"Then why for goodness' sake didn't you get one? I'd have gone to the house with a body of mounted police. I'd have made sure of the old devil before I had taken a single step."

"Until we had proved Vansittart and the man Moulde to be one and the same person, we had no case," said Mervyn calmly, "and I only obtained the proof of that by going to work quietly. I will bear the blame of his escape if re effects it, but I should have felt it dishonorable to have taken him in that way."

"Honor, in dealing with a rogue like that! Why hanging is a vast deal too good for him!"

"Just so. To leave him to be hunted down as a fugitive and vagabond, with all his fine plans wrecked, and himself in them, may be a far more severe punishment. Never fear but what he will reap the harvest of his own sowing!"

"Moral sentiments are all very fine! But so long as that man is at large none of your lives are safe!"

Mervyn smiled indulgently.

"I mean what I say," returned Lord Doversfield more quietly. "He will be utterly reckless now, and revenge is a master passion with him."

Maidie looked as if she fully endorsed this sentiment. Mervyn caught her eye, and answered her glance by another smile.

"If the man has any sense he will be far enough away by this time. He will not be likely to let the grass grow under his feet."

But Maidie started an idea nobody had thought of so far.

"He may have a secret hiding place of his own somewhere in reserve. He is so clever he would be sure to think of everything—and if he is once hidden no one will ever find him."

"There!" said Lord Doversfield, "and you will see that he will not let this night's work pass without revenge. Send to Scotland Yard, will not let him rest till he has done more mischief."

There was silence for a few moments. It was not altogether a pleasant thought—the desperate man hidden away in some secret place waiting his chance of vengeance.

"Well," said Mervyn at last, "after all this is only speculation. If he has the least sense he will be far enough away by this time. At least we could hardly wish him the boon of more an error I regret it, and take the blame. But we have our work before us now—to clear Cedric's name; and afterwards we will find Vansittart if we can."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

REVELATIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

A day or two later the whole place was perfectly electrified by the astonishing announcement that Cedric Musgrave had been found, that instead of being a criminal he was the vic im of a vile plot, that he had been lur.d to the cottage on the fatal night, wounded, carried off, and kept in close confinement, whilst the real murderer, kidnapper, and *deus ex machina* of the whole piece of complicated villainy was the victim of ill-name—Andrew Vansittart, of the Panelled House.

The excitement was intense, inasmuch as the *denouement* was absolutely unexpected. So perfect and quiet had been the matter that till the evidence had been thoroughly sifted at headquarters, that the whole thing came on the neighborhood like a thunder-clap. Andrew Vansittart had been forthcoming and had appeared in the streets of the village he would have chosen a good deal of being torn limb from limb by the infuriated populace.

But perhaps the person the most astonished by the whole thing, and by the turn matters had taken in many directions, was Mr. Musgrave of Musgrave Towers.

He was let into the secret a day earlier than the public, and his enlightenment happened thus:

He was walking idly in his park one day, skirting the lake in a sunny, mossy bank, bent intent on his own gloomy thoughts, when suddenly he met face to face none other than Keith Musgrave, his rival's son, who actually came up to him with outstretched hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Musgrave. This is well met. I was just coming over to see if I could get speech with you."

A month ago such an address would have been received with a torrent of abusive language; but Musgrave was quiet enough and stared he made no protest, and only stood gazing blankly at his interlocutor.

"I have a very pleasant piece of news to break to you, sir; but whether I do it will you walk up to Eagle's Crag with me? We have there all the proofs of your son's entire innocence to lay before you, as well as Cedric himself to produce. We are only waiting till you know all to announce the welcome intelligence to the world."

Mr. Musgrave's rubicund face turned quite pale.

He grasped Keith by the arm.

"Cedric: Innocence! Cedric, did you say?" and then almost choking in his excitement and bewilderment, he rushed Keith along in the direction of Eagle's Crag as if he had but one thought in his head, and that thought his long-lost son.

Keith, delighted to have attained his object, kept at his side, not attempting explanations, into which he was at present in no fit state to enter, but merely repeating that Cedric was safe at his father's house, and that his name had been cleared before the authorities, and would immediately be pronounced stainless before all the world.

There was no room left in Mr. Musgrave's mind for wonder at finding himself beneath his hated rival's roof. He had but one thought in his head—that was Cedric.

In the hall Lord Doversfield met him, and held out his hand with an air of stately courtesy.

"My dear sir, I am obliged to you by your coming thus to my house. I want to make amends for the injury done your son, if not in intent if not in actual deed, by the suspicions I allowed myself to indulge in. I also feel that I owe you an apology for the manner in which I intruded upon you one morning not very long ago, and the words that I addressed to you on that occasion. I trust that the reparation I have now to offer will prove my sincerity in your eyes. I trust for the future we may understand one another better."

Mr. Musgrave seemed to shake off the paralysis of surprise, and spoke more coherently.

"Your servant, sir; I have been more to blame than you; but give me my boy, and let us forget all the rest."

The next moment Cedric was standing before them, his hands clasped by his father, a torrent of eager, excited questions being poured into his ears.

Then Mr. Musgrave was taken into the library and shown the documents and other proofs. He seemed to have recovered all his old acuteness and entered into each detail with perfect clearness and acumen. He took in all the evidence with ease and eager avidity, only looking at fault when the question came up which no one had so far cared to press home:

"How was it that the villain was able to reckon so confidently upon getting hold of Cedric just at the critical moment?"

No one could answer this question, and no more was said on the subject, but Mr. Musgrave confessed with sincere shame and real evidences of sincerity and good feeling that he had employed an agent, never suspecting he was Vansittart, to stir up the discontent on his rival's estate. He apologized heartily for it, and the earl was glad to find that he was so much for him to forgive, as it seemed to lessen the burden which rested on him for having been so convinced of Cedric's guilt and so resolved to hunt him down.

Mr. Musgrave did not tell his cousin that it was his wife who had suggested this course to him, his wife who had all along been Vansittart's accomplice or tool, but he saw it all clearly enough, and a dark shadow gathered upon his face.

Presently he raised himself up and asked:

"And whose doing is it that my son is cleared? Who is it that first thought of tracing out this new villainy? Who got hold of the clue in the first instance?"

Mervyn and Cedric each laid a hand on Keith's shoulder as he put him forward.

"He was the first to move in the matter. He never accepted the verdict against Cedric. He began to work at it the hunt from the first. It is he who has been the leading spirit throughout."

Mr. Musgrave turned and held out a shaking hand.

"Young man, I haven't many words—I'm so surprised—I don't know how to tell any of you what I feel, but if there is anything I can do to show my gratitude—"

"Well, sir, since you are so good, there's."

"What? What? What is the eager answer.

"Will you give me your daughter Marjorie as my wife? We have loved each other for what seems to me a long time, from all that has passed during our secret engagement, and it was the resolve that no barrier should arise between us that first made me so bent on clearing Cedric. Possibly without that strong motive urging me on, I should have either accepted the verdict as others did, or have given in perhaps before the difficulties in my path. So you see, sir, you owe Cedric's restoration in a measure to our attachment; so, under the circumstances, you may be disposed to give us your blessing."

"My blessing, boy! Ay, that I will, and you shall have something with her better than my blessing—that you shall! My little Marjorie! Well, well, well! We live in a strange world."

And turning round upon Lord Doversfield, he said in his quickest and most abrupt manner—

"Cousin, are you willing for this? I have always wronged you whenever I could; are you willing to accept a daughter of mine as your second wife?"

"She shall be as a daughter to me," said the earl, who had been taken in hand by this time by his son, and was quite ready for anything.

"Indeed, you owe me some reparation, for my young kins-woman, who is almost as a daughter to me, has promised to give herself to your son Jocelyn, and if I lose her I shall want another in exchange."

"Jock on the marry—bless my soul! Why, he has not of the secret too, have he? And Miss Cateleton too—for I suppose you mean her! Well, all I can say is, Cousin Doversfield, that if I can help it you and yours shall never have cause to regret the union with my family."

A hearty clasp of the hand, and the millionaire was gone, declining Cedric's offer of company, striding rapidly into Musgrave.

Once arrived there, he strode straight into the inner sanctum of his solicitor, and abruptly told him to put aside all else for a time as he had come on important business.

Mr. Debenham was accustomed to his client's abrupt ways, and took no umbrage at them. He was too biz a man not to command respect.

"I wish to make over to my son Jocelyn the sum of £30,000 unreservedly and at once, and the same amount to my daughter Marjorie—at once I say. I wish it done at once. I can sign the needful papers before I leave the office, I suppose."

"If you would come back again in the course of a few hours I would endeavor to have all in readiness. A deed of gift you propose—£30,000 each to your son and daughter. May I ask if the young lady is of age?"

"Why no, not quite. Make her brother Cedric the trustee! Ah! surprised! Catch a weasel asleep or a lawyer in a jump! But you will understand all anon. My boy is cleared at last—he was the victim, not the criminal, as you will find. Now, my good fellow, you need not be afraid I am out of my mind. Just do as I say, and draw up a will, leaving the rest of my property to my eldest son, Cedric Musgrave. The whole mind, with the exception of the £60,000 just given away."

"But your wife—"

"My wife has five hundred a year under her marriage settlement, and I know what I think. That will be more than enough to keep her in comfort—more than she deserves. Now mind, and have all the papers ready by four o'clock. I wish to see this business through to-day."

"That hag!" he muttered as he walked along. "I see through her now. Well she has outwitted herself! Serve her right! She hadn't set me on to prove that old will I'd have let it stand, and would have done something handsome for her, and Jock; but she wouldn't have it left, and so she went and got it destroyed, and now neither she nor her precious children will ever be mentioned. She'll feel that, even with her thick skin. She'll feel it, and dispute it too; but she'll not have a leg to stand on. I'll have a medical testimony taken down, and that I'm sane and sensible; and besides 'twas only a few days ago she got that other paper out of me. If she upsets one, she upsets both—and that lawyer man knows the one she knows nothing of that old Debenham has; the will made just after our marriage, and by it Cedric would again come in for all. Oh she's a trump now! I'll make sure too that she dare not tamper with my wishes. And, by-the-bye, I'll go to the bank too; I've a suspicion she has been getting rather free of money of late—hush money for Vansittart, I suppose—the fiend!"

Mr. Musgrave's face was not less black after the examination of his banker's books. He went to his medical man, and was closeted long with him, and when he returned to his lawyer's office at the appointed hour, he carried two papers with him.

After the business was concluded he gave both of these documents into the lawyer's keeping.

"This," he said, "is a medical certificate, in case any one should attempt to dispute this will on the ground of insanity. This sealed paper I leave in your hands. If Mrs. Musgrave makes any threat of trying to upset it, you let her know that this is a statement in regard to her dealings with Mr. Vansittart that you are instructed to make public. If that does not silence her, I'm a Frenchman!"

As for Cedric and Corona, these days were days of the purest happiness, and their wedding was hastened forward with all imaginable speed. The urgent advice of the doctors that well as the young man had recovered from the chest wound, that he would be wise to avoid the keen winds of early spring, and go abroad for at least three months. Of course, he was not to go alone, and Corona was not the woman to raise difficulties where her heart was so completely won.

Maidie was to remain at Patricia's till the return of the bridal pair, and they would then make a home for themselves somewhere in the neighborhood, and she could go to them.

Mr. Musgrave, who seemed unable to make enough of his son, gave him a thousand a year in addition to his own fortune, and forwarded every scheme for his happiness in a fashion that won the most sincere affection and gratitude.

He went up to town himself to procure the special license, and almost quarrelled with Patricia because she claimed the sole right of providing the wedding dress and simple trousseau for a traveling bride.

But the people of the place, they could not make enough of Cedric; he was the hero and idol of every company. Even the universal rage against the missing Vansittart seemed strengthened by the joy and excitement at the wonderful restoration and strange adventures of his victims. The two girls and Cedric were almost afraid to stir themselves abroad so much attention did their presence always excite. Corona was not sorry that so short a time should elapse between the restoration and their departure for the sunny south; and even Maidie was no longer an anxiety, for she was so happy and joyous under Patricia's kindly wing that her sister was almost inclined to put a pang. Drake made her his especial charge, and waited on both sisters with a dog-like fidelity that was touching in its assiduity.

The 10th of February was the wedding-day. It dawned fair and clear and bright, with the first promise of the coming spring.

All the village was early astir; for this marriage was one that appealed to every heart as at once the most romantic and the most approprate that could be devised.

Long before the wedding party could arrive the churchyard was thronged with rustics waiting to see the bridal folks assemble, and to take up good places to catch a glimpse of the lovely bride.

Drake observed the presence of a stranger crouched behind a tall tombstone quite near to the porch by which the bridal party would enter. He looked old and harmless—a poor old man in a white smock frock. Drake he was a stranger, but a good many strangers had come to see this wedding, and no one paid any heed to his presence there.

But the old man was fingering beneath his smock the smooth barrel of a revolver.

"I have been long in coming," he muttered to himself. "It may cost me my life, but I care nothing for that, so that I be revenged. He has escaped me before—but he shall not escape me now! I have him safe! My hour is come!"

(To be Continued.)

A Traveler Rejoicing.

Summerside, P. E. I., Oct. 10, 1888: "Having used St. Jacobs Oil for a badly sprained knee, I can justify its generally curative properties, as less than one bottle completely cured the sprain." George Gregg, traveler for J. C. Ayer & Co.

At the Paris Crematorium.

Manager of Crematorium—Madame, we have both the French and the Milanese system; which would you prefer for the late lamented? Widow—Oh, the French. My poor husband always hated Italian cooking.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

A Funny Austrian Fad.

A fashionable craze now prevalent in the Austrian capital with the blood of the nobility is a "meerschaum pipe craze." This fad is not so much the desire among the "sports" to smoke such pipes, as it is to have them manufactured in such a way as to obviate to a great extent the use of the photograph.

Suppose a young gentleman of the army or navy falls in love with a young lady, and not knowing when he will be sent away, or where or how long his service will be required at the new destination, he wishes to perpetuate her fair face. The young man secures several vignettes of his lady love, representing both her profile and full face, and takes them to a certain meerschaum manufactory in Vienna, and in a few weeks has the delightful consolation of employing his leisure hours in consuming his tobacco through a bowl shaped after his lady's countenance.

Though this fad may be considered an innocent source of amusement, there was one occasion last year when its use almost led to a duel, which would no doubt, had it taken place, have deprived Francis Joseph of a couple of brave and efficient officers. The two officers had been paying assiduous attention to the same lady for some time. They belonged to the same regiment, and were ordered to Hungary. The first morning after they had arrived in their new territory they chanced to meet, each holding between his teeth a pipe moulded after the fashion of the lady's face. Explanations were of no avail, and the influence of the commanding officer alone prevented fatal results.

Gingersnaps.

One cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 heaping teaspoonful of soda, in half a cupful of cold water; add flour enough to make soft dough, roll thin, cut, and bake in quick oven. The best results follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For the cure of scrofula and scrofulous humors, this medicine has no equal. Built in thousands of cases, restored health to others, and will restore health to you.

The Coming Man.

Miss Alice Parker, a Boston lawyer, in an article entitled Law for My Sisters, says: "Next to having a good husband alive is to be left a comfortable widow."

No doubt of it, and a good thing for the next man, too.—*Cape Cod Item.*

An Unexpected Indorsement.

Mrs. Bimbelstein—Jacob, here was leetle Isaac's monthly school report mit twelve failures marked.

Jacob Bimbelstein—Isaac, my boy, you vos a genius.—*Puck.*

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH
For Sale by All Druggists

THE CANADA
Sugar Refining Co.
Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of
PURE SUGAR SYRUP
not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top.
For Sale by all Grocers.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in "Sick

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Iron Chest.

Ben Johnson was an editor in a smart little city of south-east Kansas. There were three other papers to take away editorial profits, and Ben found that the joke about an editor's impecuniosity was not always a joke.

Like a great many other men whose talents are being wasted for lack of appreciation, Ben was in love with as pretty and sweet a girl as ever lived, and she was equally in love with Ben, and asked nothing better than to begin life humbly in a cottage. But where was the cottage? And where even was the scant furniture that was to grace it? Saturday night often found Ben with barely enough money to pay his hands, his board and his washerwoman, and seldom these two happy lovers met and had enjoyable talk of the season because his pocket-book was empty.

"I should do better as a brakeman," Ben declared one evening after a particularly bitter disappointment.

"No, no, not that!" Lila exclaimed with a pretty look of horror. "You would be sure to get your fingers cut off—I know you would. Promise me, if the worst comes to the worst, that you will never go railroading."

"Well, if you promise me to give up dress-making," Ben answered seriously. "I wish you would, Lila; every one says it is injuring your health."

"But I must live."

"Come and sit here by me," the young man said coaxingly. "I have long thought our ambitions were too high, and that we might live simpler, and not strive so hard for what we have."

"But I have only one cashmere dress," Lila protested.

"And that almost took your heart's blood."

"Almost, but one must dress as well as possible—dress is the main thing in this town."

"Perhaps it is, but it oughtn't to be, dear." Ben stroked his mustache with the tips of Lila's pink fingers, and looked meditative. "I have been thinking," he went on, "that at this rate we shall never be man and wife. Now suppose we be married in a week or so, without any fuss or feathers about it. We can get what is absolutely needful upon back bills that are owing to me. I can get that little Rickshaw he has, and I can get that and an acre of ground for a dollar a month. You see I've got lots of time, and I could raise almost all we would need, and we could keep a cow and raise chickens and a pig or two. We might, if we liked, go into the hog business—

Ben's extravaganza was cut short by a merry burst of laughter.

"Oh!" Lila panted, recovering her breath. "You are too delicious!"

"It is you that are delicious," Ben answered undaunted. "But if you object to going into hogs, we might go into chickens or small fruit."

The Rickshaw house had its romance. It was said to be haunted. There were two other buildings in Cloverdale that bore the same reputation, and all of them suffered, besides other less pronounced indignities, the loss of their window glass. Boys who were courageously implanted in the day time, and threw stones and abused the ghost, blanched with fear if it were mentioned of its midnight orgies were being told by the elders, one night see these young Davids, these bean snatching friends, creep near "mother's chair" and listen with gasps for breath, while the cold chills raced each other down their spines. Next morning the glorious sun dispersed the shadows, and David was himself again.

Thus the Rickshaw house had a bad name among the boys, and that accounted for what happened to be the two things that decided Ben Johnson to take it. Yes, Ben had decided the matter, and the rest was easy. Lila always ended by seeing as Ben saw, and doing whatever he thought best.

The house was of stone, containing only one large room, twenty-five feet square. Ben had the roof mended and three windows repaired. He next built up the fence, and set a man to hauling fertilizer.

In the meantime, he and Lila were quietly married. They "boarded out" a few weeks of hopeless bills, then went boldly to housekeeping; and it was a bolder thing than appears in the telling, for the young couple had to face the jeering laugh of society as well as the ominous frowns of their friends. The upper ominous frowns of their friends. The upper few wondered what Ben Johnson could mean by burying himself in that barbarous style. It never occurred to them that he wished to live at peace and be able to pay his debts.

"It is bad enough to marry a sewing girl and give up good society," drawled pretty Maude Drew, who was once supposed to hold Ben Johnson's fate in her keeping; "but I can't see the necessity of his going to live in such a disreputable neighborhood, and in a house worse than disreputable."

"What is the matter with the house?" Blanche Kern asked.

"You have never heard?" in astonishment. "I thought everybody knew about old man Rickshaw. It seems that he was the oldest son of wealthy parents, and through mismanagement he obtained all the property. Soon after that every Rickshaw but himself died; not only every one of the name, but every relative, he was said that his mind was affected. After that everything he touched turned to gold, so to speak. If he bought cattle, they were sure to rise in price. If he shipped stock, they always arrived in prime condition and at the top of the market. He went West and took up a claim, and bought three others to the one he was entitled to. Just after he had proved up out a square mile, Jim Sim Crew did the same of twenty-one and twenty-five who would have the one hundred cords of wood piled on top of his cord!—the iron box. Sim Crew did it, and then left the neighborhood as soon as the court gave him his money. There was nothing left but the stone house and the one hundred and sixty acres. A few people have tried to live there, but they have never remained a month."

"What became of the iron box?" Blanche asked.

"It was buried at the spot indicated in the will, and when they came to dig the grave they found it already dug; the top had been covered with plank about three inches from the surface, and then nearly sodded over."

"I wouldn't live in such a place," Blanche said, emphatically, "not if you would give me the city of Cloverdale itself! I should have the horrors all the time."

"Nor I," Maude answered, shrugging her pretty shoulders; but she could not prevent the reflection that if one must live there, Ben Johnson would be a most delightful companion.

All this time Ben and Lila were not idle. Plowing and planting had been done, and an air of thrift and comfort settled down upon their home. Lila had painted all the woodwork to be found, even the fence and walks, as well as out-buildings. She was putting on the finishing touch when Ben came home from his office after his day's work was done.

"Don't sit there, Ben," Lila screamed, as she saw him about to deposit himself upon a board that she had painted for a bottle shelf, and had laid across the water barrel to dry.

"Show me where to go and I will sit down for safety." Ben answered, a little shortly.

"I've got something to tell you, and I might as well out with it now."

"I do hope it isn't anything very bad," Lila answered, as she turned up a box edgewise and motioned him to be seated. "Is any one coming to live with us?" she asked, with alarmed apprehension. "I just don't want anybody at all, though we might run a partition and divide that barrack of a room; but even if we did, I should want both myself. I just can't bear to have people come here to spoil our happiness, and I should have to have a great deal more to cook—"

"If you're run down, I'll tell you what it is; it's about a dream."

"A dream!"

"A dream. Somebody whose face I cannot remember comes to me and says, 'Go enter the south east quarter of township blank, range blank. N. E. C. of one-fourth of one-fourth. I have dreamed that rigmarole every night since we came here."

"I don't know much, Ben," Lila began depressingly, "but if I were you I would go down to the land office and see about it. Dreams always mean something when they are repeated so often, they say."

Accordingly Ben arranged his business for a whole day, and as there was nothing to keep Lila at home, they borrowed a spring wagon and drove to the land office, camping out on the way. They slept under the wagon two nights, and Ben's slumbers were dreamless. When he was his surprise, upon arriving at the land office, to find that the numbers he gave were the numbers of the Rickshaw place, and that it was still the property of the government, Rickshaw having failed to perfect his right to it.

Ben hurried out to the camp to tell Lila, and declared his intention to sell his paper, presses, subscription list, good will and everything.

"And then you will go railroading when the money gives out," Lila objected.

"No, I'll stick to the farm. I've wanted a farm all my life, and now that I can get one, I won't turn back."

"I'd be nice to own all that," Lila assented, "and not have anybody come and build alongside of us. Ben, do you suppose we could make a living?"

"Lots of people do—yes, I know we can."

Ben sold out for a little more than was necessary to complete his title. He came in tired the evening of his return, and gave Lila some important papers to put away. She locked them in her desk and began to prepare supper while he lay down to rest. He almost immediately fell asleep. Just as Lila was upon the point of calling him to supper, he sat up in bed and stared about him in a dazed sort of way.

"Did nobody come in?" he asked.

"You've been asleep, Ben." Lila answered, getting him a bowl of fresh water.

"I've had that dream again."

"What! About the land?"

"No, the other part—this time he said: 'N. E. C. of S. E. one-fourth of N. E. one-fourth.'"

"What do you make of that?" Lila asked.

There are no C's in land phraseology, and I am puzzled."

Ben splashed the water about freely, and thought nothing of it when Lila brought her mop and wiped the floor.

"What do you mean by land phraseology?" Lila asked, pouring his tea.

"I'm this." He took out his pencil and began marking the white table-cloth. He explained the divisions of land to her. "But I don't see what S. E. C. means," he remarked, putting down his pencil and turning his attention to the table.

"South-east corner," Lila suggested.

Ben dropped his knife and hurriedly began to examine the marks on the table cloth.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, and stared at Lila, as if she had been a ghost.

"Well?"

"It's the old man's grave," Ben answered.

"Are you afraid to go out there with me, night? I think the old man buried his money near his grave. He wanted his body buried because he believed his soul could not depart until it was consumed, and fearing the young man would not do his work well, he has probably made an alleyway from his grave to his treasure, so that his imprisoned soul could go in and feast—"

"Ben, you're horrid! If you want me to accompany you to-night you must keep still about ghosts and their orgies."

When supper was finished Ben brought a spade and a couple of files to sharpen it. Lila took two bottles of milk and the lantern, with an improvised black hood and a box of matches.

"My idea is this," said Ben. "I will dig in place, and watch where the black soil joins the clay. If even, it has never been disturbed, but if broken, there is where I will dig."

An hour later Ben's spade broke through a rotten plank and clinked against metal.

"I've got it!" he whispered.

"What is it?"

"Don't know—must give myself room."

Ten minutes after he lifted an open iron pot to the surface.

"It is full of gold!" Lila whispered.

"There's more," Ben panted, and lifted four more vessels to the surface.

He went down and examined the empty cavity, then began to shovel in the clay. He stamped it down to almost its original compactness, and carried a few spadefuls of earth from them into a gully, not wishing to leave any evidence of digging. He then put on the black dirt and sod.

"Oh, dear, do stop!" Lila at last exclaimed, exasperated at his delay, for she was in a hurry to get to the house.

"All right!" And he trod one more clod into dust. "Who will stand guard while the other carries the lucre?"

"We don't need a guard—we will both carry it."

"All right; but let's have a drink of that milk—I'm famished."

It was past midnight when the last pot was brought into the house.

"Let's have a good fire, Lila," said Ben, as he locked the door. "You sit here and put your feet into the oven, and I will make a cup of tea. Ugh! but this has been a night's work! I feel as if I had murdered somebody and buried him."

"O Ben! How can you go on so when I am so nervous I can hardly refrain from screaming!" And Lila began to cry.

"I won't; and we will have some tea, and next spring we'll go to California, and in the winter to Florida, and well live in Niagara Falls and the Mammoth Cave, the Yosemite and the National Bridge—also Chicago."

"Ben, what are you going to do with that money?" Lila asked, half fearing that its possession would bring disaster.

"First, I am going to institute inquiries in a quiet way for a remaining United States Rickshaw, and if he is found I'll compromise liberally. But I honestly believe the departed spirit intends me for his heir. I'll do nothing rash, and will try to be honest; but I intend to take the world quietly, and I am going work the farm and make a small park of Papa Rickshaw's grave."

"You will build a new house, won't you?"

"Slowly—I don't want to attract attention. But you shall have whatever you like," seriously. "We can have a great many luxuries and not be noticeable, either."

"Ben, I believe we should be happier if we lived quietly and did not appear very rich. Let's just plod along like ordinary people. If we try to take our place in the world or station in society, we shall begin the old strife over, for there is always a strata I love us as well as below. Let us not strive for anything in the social line, but do as much good as we can, and buy only what we really need."

"Then you are not a bit prouder of me since I became the heir of a ghost than you were before?"

"Yes, indeed I am!" teasingly. "You begin to loom up as an organism of importance. How much is it?" turning to look at the covered pots. "I hope there isn't too much."

"Only from fifty and a hundred thousand—quite enough for us and any remaining Rickshaws. All I want now is to settle this matter with honesty and self-respect." Ben put his hand caressingly upon his wife's head. "Do you know, now, little woman," he began in a low tone, "that I never possessed a ticked of unclean money? It wouldn't pay to begin now."

"I would rather starve."

"I agree with you in theory, at any rate," Ben answered; "but when it comes to the skeleton of fact, I don't feel so confident."

Ben carried out his plans of advertising for heirs and living quietly. But no one ever answered, and he finally came to look upon himself as the rightful owner of the ghost's property.

Indians as Smokers.

Every Indian worships tobacco. Give the Sioux a sufficiency of beef and tobacco and there will be no more war between them and the United States. They do not get any tobacco from the Government in these days, so they sell what little else they do have, and with the proceeds procure cigarettes and tobacco. It used to be that the red man was satisfied with dried red willow bark, but he has been civilized very materially, and now insists on the best brands of the most thoroughly cultivated and manufactured weed. Some of the older fellows still mix the willow with their smoke—they prefer the Kinnick-Kinnick—but the younger men take the tobacco straight. Their love for cigarettes amounts almost to a passion, and yet the Indian is master of the situation. He can smoke enough cigarettes to kill every dude on the face of the earth, go on the war path for a couple of months and starve, and yet turn up with a physique that seems uninjured. The suggestion that unlimited cigarettes were cheaper than soldiers thus falls to the ground and becomes valueless.—*Washington Star.*

We have a very fine stock of Opera Glasses, Opera Fans, Card Chain Bracelets, Curb Chain Rings—just the thing for Xmas presents. Brown's, 110 Yonge street.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column")
SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

ERMA.—See Romulus.

ROMULUS.—How could you, my little friend?

SHORT.—This indicates penetration, strength of purpose, self esteem and cordiality.

BLUE STOCKING.—You are very orderly, quick-tempered, a little selfish, vivacious and cheerful.

RIA.—You are probably very ambitious, a little reserved, genial, irresolute and affectionate.

WHITE THORN.—This indicates ambition, vanity, shrewdness, an artistic eye and self-reliance.

CORYNA.—Such a writing I see strong self-reliance, self-esteem, some ostentation, resolution and mirth.

ANTICIPATION.—This writing shows order, determination, some ambition and a good deal of originality.

JACKO.—You are gentle and unassuming, appreciative of the picturesque and of good institutive perception.

KERMIT.—In this writing I see a love of the beautiful, hasty temper, originality, self-reliance and resolution.

AUTUMN.—This shows reserve, caution, some selfishness, penetration and warmth of heart; indicates a cold scold.

DORATHA.—This exhibits a methodical nature, spiritedness of temperament, ingenuity and an unostentatious nature.

FRANK P.—This writing shows tenderness, vivacity, good resolution, energy, some self-assertiveness and self-esteem.

OPTIMA.—This graceful writing betokens a great deal of originality, strong imaginative power, delicacy of thought and resolution.

CARRIE.—You are affectionate, a little careless, fond of fun, energetic, indecisive and somewhat vain of your attractive personality.

PATIENCE K.—You are in all probability very self-reliant, determined to obstinacy, rather careless, imaginative, highly-sensitive and brave.

FLY.—You should not allow it. It state is a question able to say the least. Your writing shows jovialty, genero sity, carelessness and self-esteem.

ANNIE HEAL.—This is the writing of a sensitive, nervo us woman. It exhibits ambi tion, determination, good int uition and a methodical nature.

H Y R.—You are fond of social life, inclined to a love of ease and luxury, steadfast in your friendships, candid, hasty-tempered, witty and vivacious.

CADDY.—You are a little vain, rather ostentatious, possessed of considerable tact and self-reliance and some unselfishness. Caddy number two must write more.

BRECHIN.—This writing is that of a witty and origi nal woman. You have strong self-reliance, self-esteem a nd love of the picturesque, and are, withal, sincere and generous.

LEILIE.—Many thanks for your kind acknowledgme nts. I am indeed glad that you were so favorably impress ed with the delineation of your writing. Will you write again soon, dear?

PADDY.—Did I misjudge you? Well, I am sorry. Do you feel better now? You are abrupt in manner and speech, not overly sensitive, merry, good-natured, critical and a little—just a little—lazy. You are not very perse vering but have good penetrative qualities.

PADDY.—I think I must have you and another Paddy mixed up. This Paddy, who is a young girl with a slate had better write again, and the Paddy who prot essed to be so much abused must step out of the race, or change his nom de plume when he writes next time.

ARANIS.—This writing indicates much nervousness of temperament, a variable temper, sensitiveness, tend ernesss and self-esteem. You are probably ambitious, but just a little dilatory in carrying out your plans. Athis and Portho se resemble you so closely that I shall a rat.

SIRONO.—Overtaxing a memory will weaken it, but honest, methodical work will strengthen it. If you resolve upon holding certain facts in your mind, you can usually do it. Your writing shows order, cordiality, an unassuming manner, some self-esteem and sp endid perseverance.

ANNIE.—This country must indeed seem cheerless and desolate to you after your southern home. Indeed I do sometimes pity you, but you know so many letters are entertaining that I quite enjoy them; and then too, many of my correspondents write again and again, so you must know them well. Your writing shows sympathy, indecision, wilfulness, cordiality, ambition and generosity.

LALLIE.—Now, Lallie, you are a little cross, and I tell you all those things! Of course I know that you are rather orderly, and very sensitive, sympathetic, generous and affectionate. Did I not tell you all the same thing s. I if you get Bartlett's Quotations you will, I think, be pleased with it, for it is a very good one made with a collaborator. I indeed I shall be pleased to have you write again.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—Thank you for your nice letter. I am pleased that you thought the critique a good one. Sometimes, you know, big brothers are all wrong. I rather think you are right, in this case. The letters are torn and buried in the waste-basket, except a few of the very nice ones, which are pigeon-holed for a second reading; one business is not so unmerciful as some. Ans to the name you mention, I have great reason to be silent on the subject.

SACRED LILY.—The answer to your real letter appeared about three weeks ago, I think, but this is so interesting that I cannot pass it without comment. Your remarks about Bellamy's book are very apt. I liked especially his manner of disposing of the musical problem. It would be almost a millenium if we were not compelled to listen to amateur talent quite so often. Classes are, I suppose, necessary evils, but were all things adjusted as he would have them the awful struggle for existence would not be before cur ;e es.

H. L. P.—For late dinner and tea, polished tables are best; merely scarves and doylies. The table is better form to use the preserve plates, though butter plates are not necessary if you follow the Boston fashion of setting a bread and butter plate to the left of each person. 2. The grammatical construction is quite correct. 3. "Don't," "aren't" and "wouldn't" are used and will be used for a great deal of the conversation that is carried on, but of course they are not correct. 4. Profiles are fashionable you must have had about it all. I do most earnestly hope that it will all come right. Do not give up the business. Your letter writing shows willfulness, vivacity, affection and self-esteem. I can thoroughly recommend the following treatment for your hair: Four boiling water into the basin, and hold your face in the steam, rubbing it meanwhile with the fingers. When the pores are open enough bathe the face with it, and then wash it thoroughly, using almond meal in place of soap, and remember that a soft white flannel is better to use for the face than a sponge. Rinse off all the meal with warm, clear water, and then sit down and patiently dabble your whole face with glycerine or cold cream. Let it lie, circling the fingers about lightly but firmly. Wipe off all that is not absorbed with a soft linen, and in the morning use warm water followed by cold and a dash of rose water. This cannot fail to make the skin of your face soft, but you must know that no external application can give you a good complexion. You must have pure blood, and for it to be pure you must have good food supply, fresh air and open pores to cast off effete matter and impurities.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
LUMBAGO—LAME BACK.

Why so many deviate from a graceful carriage may be accounted for in as many ways as there are mistaken beings.

ST. JACOBS OIL RESTORES.

Strength.—The spinal column is the mainstay of the body, whether man or woman, and nature has provided muscular supports to hold it erect.

THE GREAT PROTECTOR.

Weakness.—Men and women recklessly twist themselves out of shape, and the result is the few months' grinding pain of many bending down.

CURES ARE PERFECT, PERMANENT.

Symptoms of Lumbago manifests itself by pains in the back, which are most insidious or subtle. They come at times without warning; we rise from a sitting or recumbent posture to find the back so crippled or strained as to cause acute suffering.

EVERY APPLICATION RELIEVES.

Treatment.—Rub the parts affected freely with St. Jacobs Oil, and it will penetrate vigorously, producing warmth, and if the pain is slow in yielding, wrap the part in flannel steeped in hot water and wrung out.

ONCE CURED, ALWAYS CURED.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

YOU PAY NOTHING IT'S FREE

Watch Free. Gents or Ladies.

We examine, Cut this ad out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), with our paying one cent. You can examine your watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in looking at it. But if perfectly satisfactory, pay the agent our special Cut Price of $5.98 and the watch is yours. This watch has never been advertised in a paper before. We send Watch free only offered. This is a Genuine GOLD WATER WATCH, made of the heavy plates of 18 karat gold, warranted to look and wear equal to any 18 karat gold, warranted to keep perfect time, with hunting case, crown and winder, jewels, beautiful hunting style, elaborately engraved and decorated by hand, Jewels, cap, crown, bezel and center band, set with 11 accurate jewels, and warranted. Beware of imitations. The movement is a fine WALTHAM style, richly jeweled, and fully equal to high priced watches ($50 beats per hour), expansion balance, pinion and hardened and tempered steel throughout, fitted complete, and adjusted, and warranted an accurate timekeeper. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. These watches are sold everywhere for $25.00.

As a guarantee that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth fifty times the price we asked, that nothing like it has ever been offered before. We refer you to any WHOLESALE HOUSE IN TORONTO. Order to-day. IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE. Address,
BEARS & CO., 115 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

NASAL BALM
NEVER FAILS
CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as Headache, pain around the eyes, loss of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of nervousness, loss of appetite, dizziness, coupled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you need but one bottle of Nasal Balm to convince you that it is the remedy you wanted in time, neglected, will lead to a hard, tedious, and, in many cases, fatal termination, ending in consumption and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO.,
Brockville, Ont.

CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

"Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

—*Life.*

The Tramp Could Fiddle.

A down-town music store in Lewiston was surprised on Friday at the entrance of a tramp—a ragged, veteran tramp, who said that he was not vicious, but only unfortunate. "What made you come into a music store?" asked the proprietor. The thin cheeks of the tramp flushed at the word music. Having said that he played the violin they handed him one, and he laid a loving cheek against the fiddle and drew a bow of finished power across the trembling strings. For half an hour he played to a rapt audience, preluding with the skill of the improvisator and weaving the theme into many a rich and rare fancy. Sometimes he marched up and down the floor playing and talking. A new light was born in his eye. His rags were forgotten by all who saw him. His cheeks were flushed and his gray hair was tossed back by an impetuous wave of his head. In the imagery of the strings were palaces of delight and strange visions of wasted hopes and years. In the pleading voice of the violin one heard a voice of long ago, a mother's tone, and a baby's cry. "That's all right," said he, as he laid it down, and a silence fell upon all around broken by the querulous voice of the tramp as he said: "Gim'me the price of a supper."—*Lewiston Journal.*

The Wabash Line

Is the shortest and quickest route from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, California, Mexico and all points west and south, the only line running free reclining chair cars from Detroit to St. Louis and Kansas City. The Wabash runs the finest sleeping and chair cars in the world. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via this route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, 28 Adelaide street east.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Drifting the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

Could Not Account For It.

She—You seem rather "blue" this evening, Jack.

He—Yes, I have had a headache all day, and I don't know how I came to have it.

She—What were you doing last night, eh, sir?

He—I don't know what I was doing after about ten o'clock.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

LABATT'S NEW BRAND
ALE ALE ALE

We have on hand and fully matured a large supply of LABATT'S EXTRA STOCK ALE in pints and quarts, which we offer to the public and trade at very close prices.

This special brand is very old and of extra fine quality, brewed from best malt, English and Bavarian hops used in every brew, and is equal, if not superior, to any imported ale. Place your Lunch order early and avoid disappointment. See that every bottle is labelled LABATT'S EXTRA STOCK.

Can be obtained from all Wine Merchants and at first-class hotels generally.

Ask for Labatt's Extra Stoc

JAMES GOOD & CO.
Sole Agents, Toronto

JEWELL & HOWELL
RESTAURANT
56, 58 and 60 Colborne Street
TORONTO

The Bar supplied with the Best Wines; the Table with every luxury.

WILLIAMS' SHOE POLISH
TRADE MARK

33 CHESTER TERRACE,
EATON SQUARE,
LONDON, S. W.

To Mr. S. W. Johnston:

DEAR SIR.—The two bottles of Alaska Cream, which you forwarded to me per Sa. Sarnia, arrived quite safely two days ago. I can get nothing like it in England for my hands.

Yours faithfully,
C. L. ROSS.

Dec 19 h, '90.

TRULY CALLED THE
GREATEST MEDICINE in the WORLD

Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure

The public invited to investigate personally. Pamphlets, Testimonials and advice free. Call or address Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 139 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., sole owners and manufacturers for the Dominion. Beware of impositions. See our Trade Mark.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOURTH YEAR

OVER 1,200 PUPILS LAST THREE YEARS

Send for New 100-page calendar for season 1890-91. Mailed free to any address. Apply—
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.
Please mention this paper.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.
Thorough musical education in all branches. SPECIAL ADVANTAGES. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

S. H. CLARK
ELOCUTIONIST
Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)
PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION
68 Winchester Street - - Toronto

Misses Eleanor and Edith Rowland
Pupils of Julius Eichberg, Director of Boston Conservatory are prepared to give instruction on
THE VIOLIN
Particulars and terms at their residence.
52 Cecil Street - - - Toronto

MRS. ANNIE WALDRON, Concert Solo Pianist, also Violinist (Solo pianist "Agnes Thomson" Concert Company's tour.) For concert engagements and circular of English press criticisms address—
384 Berkeley Street, Toronto.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.
Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipsig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
308 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

T. A. BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne street Methodist church, is prepared to receive pupils in
ORGAN, PIANO AND THEORY
ADDRESS, 46 PHOEBE STREET.

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI
FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.
Signor Rubini has been for several years principal professor of singing at the London Academy, London, and has in former years been a pianoforte pupil of the world-renowned pianoforte virtuosi and Professors Moscheles and Thalberg, beg to announce that he has now open A Vocal and Pianoforte Academy at No. 82 Church Street, Toronto, for professional and amateur students Pupils prepared for the stage, oratorio and concert hall, also finishing lessons in the pianoforte. Classes for ladies and gentlemen. Terms moderate. Address 82 Church Street, Toronto.

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 556 Church St.

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

CANADIAN COLLEGE OF COMMERCE.
Incorporating Canadian Business University, Bengough's Shorthand Institute, Warriner's Courses of Higher Commercial Training.
Most modern and thorough business course. Pioneer shorthand school. 800 graduates in good positions. Finest rooms and location. Most practical courses of instruction in Dominion.
NIGHT CLASSES
In Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand and Typewriting commence 1st Monday in October
TORONTO Cor. Yonge & Gerrard } Bengough & Warriner

LOWE'S COMMERCIAL ACADEMIES
For Ladies and Gentlemen
CENTRAL SCHOOL—53 King Street East (Over Nasmith's).
WESTERN SCHOOL—278 Spadina Ave.
Geo. A. Lowe, Principal.
Hundreds of my pupils now holding lucrative positions. Competent teachers in attendance day and evening. (No lady teachers.)
SUBJECTS—
Bookkeeping
Shorthand (Pitman's or Light Line)
Typewriting (4 machines)
Penmanship
Above subjects taught thoroughly for $5. This is the entire charge unless competent.
Pupils Assisted to Positions

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE
57 GLOUCESTER STREET

DRESSMAKING PARLORS
Conducted by MISS PATON.
Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Boating, Tennis and Holiday Suits, also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and speedy attention to Mourning orders, we have undoubted confidence of assuring entire satisfaction.
ROGERS, WALKER & SONS

FINE FUNERAL GOODS
J. A. GORMALY

THE VOICE
Production, Development, Cultivation and Style
W. ELLIOT HASLAM
SPECIALIST FOR VOICE CULTURE
Gives lessons in Singing, and prepares professional pupils for Oratorio, Concert or Opera.
Studio 143 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty:
ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R C A.,
SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto
SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.
"THE BEST"

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes.
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed.
Telephone 1050. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yorge Street Market, 391 Yonge Street.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
IN STONE AND WOOD
86 Yonge Street Arcade

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY:
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.
CHAS. P. LENNOX
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B
Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

F. G CALLENDER
DENTIST
Has removed from 12 Carlton Street to
349 YONGE STREET
(Over D. L. Thompson's Pharmacy)

A Little Confidence Game.

"Oh, Mabel, tell me the truth, now; if you were in my place would you accept him!"
"Certainly. Why, if I had been in your place I would have accepted him myself, the other night, when he proposed to me."

WALKING SHOES
FOR SPRING TRADE
There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability. See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
87 and 89 King Street East
Toronto

PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR
HIS NEW ANATOMICAL SHOE
For gentleman is a serviceable well-made shoe, flexible and perfect in fit, for only $3.
PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR
328 Yonge Street

Spring Goods
TO HAND
Winter Goods
Closing Out at Close Cost Prices
Boots
Shoes
Rubbers
WM. WEST & CO.
246 Yonge St.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.
OFFICE: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President
JAMES MASON, Manager.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

AROUND THE WORLD FOR $600.00 BY
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
For information apply to
W. R. CALLAWAY
DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT
118 King Street West, Toronto

AND
- SPECTACLES -
Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.
J. FOSTER, 13 King Street West

White Enamel Letters
FOR WINDOWS
Caesar Bros.' Patent.
The most conspicuous and durable letter in the market. Not affected by light and frost.
Canadian White Enamel Sign Co
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto
Agents wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.

Easy and Other Chairs
Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture
These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.
WELLINGTON STOTT
170 King Street West - Toronto

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:
No Life Without Love Waltzes
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 60c
Reverie Musicale Valse
By J. C. Swallow.....Price 50c
Move On Polka
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40
Field Flowers Waltz
By M. A. Wesped.....Price 50c
Every piece a gem. Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
MRS A. JAMES
153 Richmond Street - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

THE SCHOOL OF CUTTING
Teaching our New Tailor System of Dress and Mantle cutting for ladies' and children's garments. Perfect satisfaction assured.
DRESSMAKING
Our art. Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to Costumes and Mantle making.
MILLINERY
Leading styles. Well assorted winter stock at reduced prices.
J. & A. CARTER
372 Yonge St., cor. Walton
Established 1860 Toronto

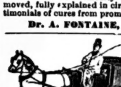
DRESSMAKERS'
Magic Scale
The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified
COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE
MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.
Waist Linings and Dresses Cut
CORSETS
made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.
426 1-2 Yonge St.
(Just south of College)

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England,

Finest Perfumes
AND
Sachet Powders
IN GREAT VARIETY
IN BULK AND BOTTLE
NEIL C. LOVE & CO.
Chemists and Perfumers
166 Yonge St. - Toronto, Ont.

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

DEAFNESS
ITS CAUSES AND CURE
Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with rifle suits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.
Dr. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.



GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 106 Mutual St.
Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

She Took It.

"In every house, Miss Powelson," said young Mr. Haybenshaw, with some agitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honored guest. In every heart too"—and he laid his hand impulsively on his own—"there is a spare room—"

"And we find one, too, in so many heads!" she murmured.

"Miss Powelson—Irene!" the young man exclaimed, choking down a large and expansive lump of rising sighs, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you—"

"Only one, Mr. Haybenshaw?" she asked dreamily.

"Do not mock me, Irene Powelson! It shall be a whole suite if you like. More than that! You shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so, and if that isn't enough, we'll tear down and build bigger."

"This spare room—this suite of rooms, Arthur," said the maiden softly, "that you are speaking of—how—how are they furnished?"

"In first-class modern style, Irene," replied the young man, with a business-like ring in his voice. "Uncle Buillion died last week."

"Say no more, Arthur," whispered the lovely girl as she pillowed her rich blonde head on the young man's heart and listened to the wild thump! thump! that resounded through its square chambers, "I'll take them."—*Chicago Tribune.*

She Wasn't Borrowing.

Little girl (timidly)—Please, Mr. Storekeeper I want to get some shoe strings.

Storekeeper—How long do you want them?

Little girl—I want them to keep, sir, if you please.—*Journal of Education.*

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Fair of Brantford is the guest of Mrs. Heron of George street.

Miss Lundy of Niagara Falls is the guest of Mrs. Husband of Main street.

Mrs. Lucas of Duke street gave a charming tea on Saturday.

Mrs. Woolverton gave a delightful tea on Monday in honor of Mr. Guy Lindsley a member of Mr. Mantell's company, who was her guest during their visit here. Mr. Lindsley recited several times and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Among those present at the Grand on Monday night I noticed Dr. and Mrs. Woolverton, Mrs. W. Walker, the Misses Gillard, Mr. and Miss Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Miss Leggat, Mr. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Counsell, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, the Misses Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hendrie, Mrs. Allan, Mr. Burns, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Garrett, Miss Briggs, Miss Turner, Mr. J. Sanford, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Husband, Mr. Ricketts and Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison.

Miss Herod of Guelph is the guest of Mrs. William Macpherson of Bay street.

Mrs. Logie gave tea to a number of friends on Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar have returned from England.

Mrs. Husband gave a small tea on Tuesday.

Miss Crompton of Brantford, who has been the guest of Mrs. Mattice, left for home this week.

Mrs. George Hamilton has returned from a delightful visit to Washington.

Bishop of Saskatchewan and Miss Pinkham are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie.

Miss Holcroft of London, England, is the guest of Mrs. Bruce of Duke street.

Miss Hughes and Miss Gwendoline Hughes of Monmouthshire, England, are the guests of Mrs. Ridley of Main street.

Sir John Macdonald during his brief visit here had luncheon at the residence of Senator Sanford and dined with Mr. Stinson at his residence on Herkimer street.

Miss Gussie Mason gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday in honor of her guest, Miss Fare of Sarnia.

Mrs. and the Misses Dewar have left for a lengthy visit in Toronto.

Miss Roberts of London is the guest of Miss McGiverin of Jackson street. SYLVIA.

LONDON.

Just previous to plunging into the sanctity and seclusion, the sackcloth and ashes of Lent, the society world of London was entertained by the bankers of that city in quite a novel way. An At Home was given by them in Westminster Rink on Tuesday evening, February 10. The programme provided for the amusement of the guests consisted of an exhibition game of hockey, played by two teams selected from the several banks, skating, music and a light supper; and that it was a most acceptable one was attested to by the numbers present and their evident enjoyment.

The hockey team of the up town banks numbered Messrs. Watson, Moore, Robin, Sheriff, Counsell, Elliott and Widder, opposed by Messrs. Roy, Neville Smith, Complin, Stevenson, Gordon, Parsons and Buckland of the down town banks, and after a well contested game the result was a victory by three goals for the latter. Mr. Stevenson was, as usual, conspicuous for his brilliant playing. Messrs. Smith, Complin and Parsons also made some noticeably good shots. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. L. Elliott, Mrs. H. Carling, Capt. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. J. Mlenie, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Smallman, Mrs. Hellmuth, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Nicholson, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hammond, Miss Troon, the Misses Hill, Miss Yoshburgh, Dr. and Miss Fraser, Mr. and Miss Graydon, Miss Macbeth, Miss Gordon, Miss Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Miss McLimont, the Misses McDonough, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Kilgour, Mrs. Prince, Mr. Harold Richardson, Miss Richardson, Miss Molson of Toronto, Miss Harris, Miss Bullen, Mr. Harry Bullen, Mr. Harrison, Miss Rock, Mr. Campbell, Becher, Mrs. and Miss Parke, Mr. G. N. Lavers, Miss Anderson, Miss L. Westcott, Mr. Lefroy, the Misses Elliott, Mr. Fewings and many others. At nine o'clock nearly everyone went on the ice and enjoyed for a couple of hours our most delightful national sport of skating. Some of the most proficient on the shining steels organized a set of lancers in the centre of the rink, and it was certainly much enjoyed even if not quite in accord with the laws of the Terpsichorean art.

Straight to the Glass.

That is where she always goes on entering an apartment—straight to the looking-glass.

People do not expect anything else.

If she should fail to do so, suspicion would be excited, and observers would be apt to mistrust that there was something wrong about her.

Why does she do this? Who can answer the query satisfactorily?

In railway depots, where is the oil-cloth, in the ladies' room, worn to rags before it shows signs of breaking anywhere else? Why, before the looking-glass, of course.

A lady will enter the waiting-room on the coldest day you ever experienced, and she will ignore the stove entirely until after she has been to the looking-glass. She will take off her veil, and give a good look at herself before she does anything. Then she will draw her hat up a little, and settle it back again with evident satisfaction, sure that it is occupying the proper place on her head; and she will pull the little curls down on her forehead, and then brush them back a trifle; and she will repin her neck-tie, and brush some dust from her shoulders, and wipe her mouth lightly with her handkerchief, and turn away reluctantly, to make way for another anxious one. After she has got warm, and has observed the dress and bonnet of every other lady in the room, she will return to the charge, and go through with just about the same performance again before she goes out.

What is it the Scripture says in this regard?

"Man looketh in the glass and goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is."

We may not have got the quotation verbatim, but that is the gist of it, and we think it must have been intended to read woman instead of man, for if appearances may be trusted, woman is continually forgetting, and her memory needs constant refreshing.

How does a man do it? Why, he feels none of a woman's self-possessed assurance when he looks in the glass. He knows it is not just what people are expecting him to do. He knows he will be stared at while he does it.

He approaches the glass circuitously, and tries to give the affair the appearance of accident. He tips his beaver a little on one side, pulls the ends of his side-whiskers, and wipes an imaginary cinder from his eye, to show the observer that it was necessary he should look in the glass.

Sometimes he adjusts his neck-tie, and whistles softly to himself to cover the transaction.

Not that we would insinuate that men do not "primp" quite as much as we do, but they do it in private, and are embarrassed if caught at it, while women do it everywhere openly, and quite unmindful of observation.

We lived a fortnight, once, down in the wilds of Maine, in a house where there was no such thing as a looking-glass. It was a desert. It was worse than an open boat in mid ocean. Our companion was a lady of fashion, and her trials were heart-breaking. She was never certain whether the powder shone on her forehead, and she was afraid to "do" her eyebrows, lest the pencil should encroach on territory not covered by the original contract.

We had with us a young man, who was just glorying in the first flush of a very soft mustache of a nearly invisible shade, and the agonies of that youth were severe.

When Sunday came, and we were all going to "the school-house to meetin'," something had to be done. It was an emergency which must be met.

We put a black shawl outside one of the windows, and made our toilets with doubting hearts and grave apprehensions, though with much outward show of gaiety.

And when we were through, our fashionable companion remarked with emphasis that "she would rather go with one meal a day and have a looking-glass, so there!"

And we have no doubt the majority of her sex would agree with her.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Half-Way.

"Do you ever follow the advice of Polonius—'neither a borrower nor a lender be'?"

"I follow it half-way. I never lend."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He Had Been There.

She—How do you do? Sit down.

He—Thanks, I will stand. I am rather tired of sitting down.

Little Brother—I should think he would be. He's been trying to skate all the afternoon.—*Judge.*

Ambitious.

Applicant—I want a salary of three thousand dollars a year.

Proprietor (sarcastically)—Wouldn't you like a partnership?

Applicant—No; I wish to make money.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Des Francais Une Fois Par Semaine.

Il y a environs deux semaines, des personnes des plus fashionables de Toronto ont commence a se reunir dans des maisons particulieres de facon a pouvoir parler francais toute une soiree, a l'exclusion complete de la langue Anglaise. Les soirees ont ete des plus reussies et leurs originateurs se sont retires enchantes et ravis. La partie francaise du programme a ete un veritable success, bien entendu, pas un seul mot Anglais n'a ete prononce. Des jeux francais, en francais ont ete organises, et de la musique francais a ete chantee—le tout, sous la direction de M. Coutellier (un vral parisien celui la) il est inutile de dire que tout admirablement marche.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

"TO-MORROW has no overflow to make good a lost yesterday." We would have you take advantage to day of the appetizing values we are offering in waterproof goods of many kinds.

"Preference," "Russian," "Rotunda," are some of the leading styles in Heptonette goods. There is no rubber in them; porous and yet absolutely rain repellent. Your taste is sure to be met. You find them in all colors, light and dark. The price will cause no quarrel between us.

There is a specially desirable offering in a line of Waterproof Gossamers, that we have marked $1.75, all colors. An out-and out value in Black Gossamers at $2.25.

You can order anything by mail A letter brings you to our doors as conveniently as a street car. Do you want samples of anything we sell? Write.

R. SIMPSON

Cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 2033

FEBRUARY BARGAINS—2,000 Carriage Whips, 7c for 6 foot Poan Whip, worth 15c; 12c for better, worth 25c; a good one 25c, worth 65c to 75c. and for 54c one worth $1.25. Acme Shoe Dressing 19c, worth 25c; Satin Gloss 10c; New York Shoe Dressing 7c. Best makes Annealed Flint Glass Chimneys 5c, worth 10. Fail not to buy Tinware and Woodenware now. Fifteen Gross Beautifully Finished Nail Brushes, 5c, worth 10c. The greatest display of Window Shades, plain and decorated, 59c, and complete with best Spring Roller and Pull; genuine Hartshorne Rollers 14c, with fixtures complete. W. H. BENTLEY

Two Bachelors keeping house would like two others to join them; references exchanged. Apply Box 96, Saturday Night Office.

A GREAT SUCCESS

OUR STORE CROWDED ALL WEEK

With anxious buyers attending the Sale of Wm. McKenzie's Bankrupt Stock of Millinery Goods now going on at

THE BON MARCHE

Can you wonder at this when we are selling TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS, worth from $5 to $10, your choice for $2. Another lot, worth from $2 to $4, your choice for $1.

Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Silk Velvets, Brocade Velvets, Plushes and Lots of Other Millinery Goods

NOW - SELLING - AT - HALF - PRICE

Ladies, don't fail to attend this GREAT BANKRUPT SALE of Millinery Goods at

THE BON MARCHE, 7 and 9 King Street East

Canada's High-Class PIANOFORTES

MANUFACTURED BY

MASON & RISCH

32 KING STREET WEST, 653 QUEEN STREET WEST, Toronto

SPRING OF 1891.

At once the largest and most attractive display of Wallpapers we have ever made. Novelties in all lines. An immense selection of Sanitary (washable) papers in beautiful designs, at all prices from 18c. Combined effects for Wall, Frieze and Ceiling. A magnificent stock of Japanese Leathers, Anaglypta Relief, French and English Pressed Papers, Etc. Ingrains in New Shades with handsome Friezes to match.

ELLIOTT & SON, 94 and 96 Bay Street, Toronto

NEW MUSIC

"SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE"

Beautiful Sacred Song

By R. S. AMBROSE

Composer of "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," etc., etc.

PRICE 40c.

"OJISTOH POLKA"

Bright, Sparkling, Effective and Easy

By JULIETTE D' ERVIEUX SMITH

Composer of "The Wenonah Waltz."

PRICE 40c.

A. & S NORDHEIMER, 15 King St. E.

PUBLISHERS

LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO

Just completed and now open to the public.

Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

Built expressly for the purpose. Heated by steam. Elegant waiting and reception rooms All modern conveniences. High class work a specialty. Prices moderate

The Toronto Philharmonic Society

Have pleasure in announcing the special engagement of

CHARLES SANTLEY

Of London, Eng., the Premier Baritone of the World, for their two concerts, APRIL 6 and 7.

Mendelssohn's Oratorio ELIJAH, Masenett's Cantata EVE, and Miscellaneous Selections.

A Grand Musical Festival

Subscription lists now open at Nordheimer's, Mason & Risch's, Suckling's, Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, and the Toronto College of Music Tickets only $2 each. Subscribers will have first choice of reserved seats.

HAMMOND

TORONTO'S LEADING HATTER

The first importations of

English and American Spring Hats

Have arrived. Newest styles.

HAMMOND

129 Yonge Street

PROF. DAVIS'

Academy of Dancing

(No branch academy)

102 Wilton Ave.

2nd Year. 10,000 Pupils.

Classes for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses and Masters. Private lessons by appointment.

Member of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing of the United States and Canada.

HIS NEW ROUND DANCE

THE WALTZ MINUET

has been received with astounding favor in society circles at Toronto, Ottawa, the principal cities and towns of the United States, and even in England. Music (a charming set of Waltzes) for piano. Dance fully explained. Free by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per copy; four copies for $2. Address PROF. JNO. F DAVIS, 102 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

In our Bankrupt Stock of $18,700 from Montreal we have an immense assortment of Boys' and Children's Clothing. This stock was bought for the fall and winter business, and comprises the finest grades made for the Montreal Trade. The entire stock must be cleared before March 1, and has been marked at prices that will insure them going before then.

Mothers will do well to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Cor. Shuter Street

Fathers and Mothers

We are now showing the finest line of Boys and Youths' ready made clothing, suitable for Holiday presents.

Bring the boy along and we will show something that will please you both.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West TORONTO

GERMAN. FRENCH. SPANISH

THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES

NATURAL METHOD BY NATIVE TEACHERS

TORONTO: Canada Life Building. MONTREAL: Nordheimer block, 207 St James St.

DIFFERENT BRANCHES:

St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Winnipeg, Man. Brantford, Ont. Kingston, Ont. Ottawa, Ont. Bangor, Me. Calais, Me. Yarmouth, N. S. And other cities.

Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

JAMES PAPE

FLORAL ARTIST

78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Three doors north of King Street.

Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

THE WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

The 28th annual meeting of this Company was held at its offices, No. 76 Church street, Toronto, on Monday, February 16, 1891. The Managing Director, Mr. Walter S. Lee, acted as secretary, and Hon. Speaker Allan presided. The following financial statements were read and with the Directors' Report were unanimously approved of and passed on motion of the president, seconded by Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G.:

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the twenty-eighth annual report of the Company's affairs.

The funds of the Company have been actively employed during the whole year and at satisfactory rates of interest.

The character of the mortgage securities in which the Company's funds are invested is best shown by the fact that, on a total of over six millions and a half, the large sum of one million three hundred thousand dollars, or about one-fifth of the whole amount invested in mortgages, has been paid back by borrowers during the year.

The result of the year's operations shows that the profits after deducting all charges amount to $182 343.79, out of which have been paid two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting together with the income tax thereon to $152 014.87. The balance, $30 328.92, has been carried to the Contingent Account.

The amount placed with the company in debentures and on deposit during the past year has increased to about four millions and a half, and with the exception of a comparatively small amount maturing within a short period all the debentures held by investors in England now bear interest at four per cent.

The balance sheet and the profit and loss account, together with the auditors' report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN,
President.

Financial Statement of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the Year Ending on 31st December, 1890.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.

Liabilities.

To Shareholders:		
Capital Stock	$1 500,000 00	
Reserve Fund	750 000 00	
Contingent Account	115 932 87	
Dividend, payable 5th January, 1891	75 000 00	
		$2,440,932 87
To the Public:		
Debentures and Interest	$3 338,494 15	
Deposits and Interest	1,117,834 66	
		$4 456 328 81
		$6,897,261 68

Assets.

Investments		$6,690,140 83
Office Premises, Winnipeg and Toronto		130,979 92
Cash in Office and in Banks		86 140 93
		$6,897,261 68

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Cost of management, viz., salaries, rent, inspection and valuation, office expenses, branch office, agents' commissions, etc.	49 692 99	
Directors' compensation	3 820 00	
Interest on deposits	44 860 94	
Interest on debentures	133 637 52	
		$232,011 45
Net profit for year applied as follows:		
Dividends and tax thereon	$ 152 014 87	
Carried to Contingent Account	30 328 92	
		182,343 79
		$414,355 24
Interest on Mortgages and Debentures, Rents, etc.	$ 414 355 24	$414,355 24

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

TORONTO, Feb. 4, 1891.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending on the 31st December, 1890, and certify that the above statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss are correct, and show the true position of the Company's affairs.

Every Mortgage and Debenture or other security (with the exception of those of the Manitoba Branch, which have been inspected and examined by a special auditor) has been compared with the books of the Company. They are correct and correspond in all respects with the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS,
FRED. J. MENET, } Auditors.

The President then said: The report and the statement of the company's affairs, which have been placed in your hands and which have just been read by the Managing Director, are, I venture to think, so satisfactory that I need not occupy your time by commenting at any length upon their details.

It will be seen that the amount of money placed with the company by investors is larger than at any previous period—in fact it nearly reaches the maximum we are entitled to receive under our charter. These funds we have been able to keep actively employed and at slightly increased rates of interest.

The standing of the company being now so well known and appreciated by investors we have no difficulty in obtaining all the money we require on most favorable terms—the earning power of the company consequently has never been larger, and we may look forward with confidence to a steady continuance of the same satisfactory returns to our shareholders that have so uniformly characterized each year of the society's existence.

Our Manitoba business during the past year has been extremely satisfactory, the repayments on our loans being 25 per cent. over last year. We feel it to be due to our manager at Winnipeg, Mr. W. M. Fisher, to state that the great increase in our business in Manitoba, as well as its satisfactory results, are largely owing to his untiring zeal and energy.

The directors would desire also to acknowledge their obligations as in past years to the company's representatives in Great Britain, Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co. and Messrs. Ball, Cowan & Co. of Edinburgh, for their unvarying care and attention to the interests of the company.

Messrs. E. G. Gooderham and A. G. Lee were appointed scrutineers and the retiring directors, Messrs. George Gooderham, Alfred Gooderham, George W. Lewis and Walter S. Lee, were re-elected.

These gentlemen, with the Hon. G. W. Allan, Thomas H Lee, Q.C., and the Hon. Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., constitute the full board. At a subsequent meeting of the directors the Hon. G. W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected president and vice-president respectively.

MEDICAL.

DR. SPILSBURY has removed to 210 Huron Street, first door north of College —Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—8 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng. Physician and Surgeon
Residence 345 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 5490.
Office 26 McGill Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1863.

DR EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street.
Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 934.

GOLDEN LION CLOTHING

OVERCOATS in nice medium weight in Meltons, or Worsteds in Brown, Gray, Drab and Blue. GREAT VALUE.

GENT'S SUITS either in Tweed or Worsted, very stylish, beautifully made and trimmed. VERY LOW IN PRICE.

Double Breasted Navy Serge Suits require no overcoat. Very desirable at this season.

Quality and make of all garments guaranteed.

R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East and 18 to 24 Colborne Street

JONH B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

HENRY C. FORTIER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office 16 Victoria Street. Evenings, 57 Murray Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 356 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

FLORAL Bingham's PERFUMES
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

OAK HALL

OUR
Boys' Suit Department
Is a marvel. The diversity of styles, range of fabrics, beauty of design and superiority of workmanship must be seen to be appreciated. For the holiday season we offer exceptional bargains in Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

COULSON—At Parkdale, on February 10, Mrs. F. W. Coulson—a son.
WILSON—At 56 St. James avenue, on February 13, the wife of George McClive Wilson—a son (stillborn)
KAPPELE—At Toronto, on February 15, Mrs. George Kappele—a son.
MALONE—At Toronto, on February 10, Mrs. E. T. Malone—a son.
LAMONT—At Toronto, on February 15, Mrs. M. Lamont—a daughter.
WHITNEY—At Toronto, on February 16, Mrs. Augustus H. Whitney—a daughter.
LOFFT—At St. Mary's, on February 16, Mrs. A. H. Lofft—a son.

Marriages.

ARDAGH—BAIN—At Toronto, on February 16, Frederick A. F. Ardagh to Madge A. Bain
BALES—LAYCOCK—At Chingacousy, on February 12, Oliver R. Bales of Lansing to Maggie Laycock.
WADHAM—COWLEY—At Toronto, on February 10, Albert Wadham to Louie Cowley.
NIXON—McMAHON—At Hamilton, on February 11, William Edward Nixon of Toronto to Amy Maude McMahon.
DIXON—POWER—At Toronto, on February 11, Arthur G. Dixon to Henrietta Power.
MACMURCHY—LEE—At New York, on February 9 Dugald MacMurchy to Lucie Lee, both of Toronto.

Deaths.

REEKIE—Near Thornbury, on February 11, Jessie Reekie, age 43 years.
BRETHOUR—At Brantford, on February 17, Mrs. H. W. Brethour, aged 65 years.
SINCLAIR—At Toronto, Mrs. James Sinclair, aged 37 years.
CROIL—At Montreal, on February 14, Mrs. Wm. R. Croil.
HOPE—At Guelph, on February 13, John Henry Hope, aged 20 years.
MAC HERSON—At Toronto, on February 15, John Macpherson, aged 66 years.
MELSRICK—On February 15, Michael Melsrick.
PASSMORE—At Toronto, on February 15, Edith Passmore, aged 17 years.
WOODRUFF—At Burnhamthorpe, Ont., on February 15, Annie T Woodruff
FRASER—At Toronto, on February 16, Maggie Edith Fraser, aged 10 years.
HERMAN—At Toronto, on February 16, Max Herman, aged 55 years.
MITTLEBERGER—At Toronto, on February 16, Mrs. J. F. Mittleberger.
TAGART—At West Esa, R. Tagart, aged 48 years.
McGREGOR—At Toronto, on February 17, Joseph McGregor, aged 56 years.

DENTISTRY.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Germain Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2264

DR. FRED J. CAPON, Dentist
14 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S, Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

J. G. ADAMS
DENTIST
546 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

DIAMONDS.
GE TROREY
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

SEND TO
HARRY WEBB'S
FOR ESTIMATES FOR
Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.
EVERY MINUTIAE
66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES
TORONTO SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY
102 King Street West

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Fashionable Furriers
Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes
FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, ROBES, Etc.
J. & J. LUGSDIN
Manufacturers - - 101 Yonge Street
A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived. Our new Illustrated Catalogue just out. Call or send for one. TELEPHONE 2575

MACLEAN & MITCHELL
OFFER
THE GREATEST
THE GRANDEST
THE BIGGEST
Bargains Ever Offered, Previous to Remodelling Their Premises
Alterations begin February 1. Mantles clearing at half price. $10 Ulsters selling for $5. A similar cut on ever Jacket in stock.
Millinery at Your Own Price
Trimmed Millinery does not improve with lime dust, so that must go regardless of cost.
Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Cottons, etc., at wholesale prices.
MACLEAN & MITCHELL, 240 and 242 Yonge Street

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company
OF ONTARIO (Limited)
HEAD OFFICES
27 and 29 Wellington Street East, Toronto
Public Assignees, Trustees and Administrators

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.
Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano
Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.
Illustrated Catalogue free on application.
Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y